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A GREAT SUCCESS.¹
A STORY IN THREE PARTS.

BY MRS. HUMPHRY WARD.

PART I.

CHAPTER I.

'ARTHUR,—what did you give the man?'

'Half a crown, my dear! Now don't make a fuss. I know exactly what you're going to say!'

'*Half a crown!*' said Doris Meadows, in consternation. 'The fare was one and twopence. Of course he thought you mad. But I'll get it back!'

And she ran to the open window, crying 'Hi!' to the driver of a taxi-cab, who, having put down his fares, was just on the point of starting from the door of the small semi-detached house in a South Kensington street, which owned Arthur and Doris Meadows for its master and mistress.

The driver turned at her call.

'Hi!—Stop! You've been overpaid!'

The man grinned all over, made her a low bow, and made off as fast as he could.

Arthur Meadows, behind her, went into a fit of laughter, and as his wife, discomfited, turned back into the room he threw a triumphant arm round her.

'I had to give him half a crown, dear, or burst. Just look at these letters—and you know what a post we had this morning! Now don't bother about the taxi! What does it matter? Come and open the post.'

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Whereupon Doris Meadows felt herself forcibly drawn down to a seat on the sofa beside her husband, who threw a bundle of letters upon his wife's lap, and then turned eagerly to open others with which his own hands were full.

'H'm!—Two more publishers' letters, asking for the book—don't they wish they may get it! But I could have made a far better bargain if I'd only waited a fortnight. Just my luck! One—two—four—autograph fiends! The last—a lady, of course!—wants a page of the first lecture. Calm! Invitations from the Scottish Athenæum—the Newcastle Academy—the Birmingham Literary Guild—the Glasgow Poetic Society—the 'British Philosophers'—the Dublin Dilettanti!—Heavens!—how many more! None of them offering cash, as far as I can see—only fame—pure and undefiled! Hullo!—that's a compliment!—the Parnassians have put me on their Council. And last year, I was told, I couldn't even get in as an ordinary member. Dash their impudence! . . . This is really astounding! What are yours, darling?'

And tumbling all his opened letters on the sofa, Arthur Meadows rose—in sheer excitement—and confronted his wife, with a flushed countenance. He was a tall, broadly-built, loose-limbed fellow, with a fine shaggy head, whereof various black locks were apt to fall forward over his eyes, needing to be constantly thrown back by a picturesque action of the hand. The features were large and regular, the complexion dark, the eyes a pale blue, under bushy brows. The whole aspect of the man, indeed, was not unworthy of the adjective 'Olympian,' already freely applied to it by some of the enthusiastic women students attending his now famous lectures. One girl artist learned in classical archaeology, and a haunter of the British Museum, had made a charcoal study of a well-known archaistic 'Diespiter' of the Augustan period, on the same sheet with a rapid sketch of Meadows when lecturing; a performance which had been much handed about in the lecture-room, though always just avoiding—strangely enough—the eyes of the lecturer.

. . . The expression of slumbrous power, the mingling of dream and energy in the Olympian countenance, had been, in the opinion of the majority, extremely well caught. Only Doris Meadows, the lecturer's wife, herself an artist, and a much better one than the author of the drawing, had smiled a little queerly on being allowed a sight of it.

However, she was no less excited by the batch of letters her husband had allowed her to open than he by his. Her bundle included, so it appeared, letters from several leading politicians:

one, discussing in a most animated and friendly tone the lecture of the week before, on 'Lord George Bentinck'; and two others dealing with the first lecture of the series, the brilliant pen-portrait of Disraeli, which—partly owing to feminine influence behind the scenes—had been given *verbatim* and with much preliminary trumpeting in two or three Tory newspapers, and had produced a real sensation, of that mild sort which alone the British public—that does not love lectures—is capable of receiving from the report of one. Persons in the political world had relished its plain speaking; dames and counsellors of the Primrose League had read the praise with avidity, and skipped the criticism; while the mere men and women of letters had appreciated a style crisp, unhackneyed, and alive. The second lecture on 'Lord George Bentinck' had been crowded, and the crowd had included several Cabinet Ministers, and those great ladies of the moment who gather like vultures to the feast on any similar occasion. The third lecture, on 'Palmerston and Lord John'—had been not only crowded, but crowded out, and London was by now fully aware that it possessed in Arthur Meadows a person capable of painting a series of La Bruyère-like portraits of modern men, as vivid, biting, and 'topical'—*mutatis mutandis*—as the great French series were in their day.

Applications for the coming lecture on 'Lord Randolph' were arriving by every post, and those to follow after—on men just dead, and others still alive—would probably have to be given in a much larger hall than that at present engaged, so certain was intelligent London that in going to hear Arthur Meadows on the most admired—or the most detested—personalities of the day, they at least ran no risk of wishy-washy panegyric, or a dull caution. Meadows had proved himself daring both in compliment and attack; nothing could be sharper than his thrusts, or more Olympian than his homage. There were those indeed who talked of 'airs' and 'mannerisms,' but their faint voices were lost in the general shouting.

'Wonderful!' said Doris, at last, looking up from the last of these epistles. 'I really didn't know, Arthur, you were such a great man.'

Her eyes rested on him with a fond but rather puzzled expression.

'Well, of course, dear, you've always seen the seamy side of me,' said Meadows, with the slightest change of tone and laugh. 'Perhaps now you'll believe me when I say that I'm not always

lazy when I seem so—that a man must have time to think, and smoke, and dawdle, if he's to write anything decent, and can't always rush at the first job that offers. When you thought I was idling—I wasn't! I was gathering up impressions. Then came an attractive piece of work—one that suited me—and I rose to it. There, you see!

He threw back his Jovian head, with a look at his wife, half combative, half merry.

Doris's forehead puckered a little.

'Well, thank Heaven that it *has* turned out well!' she said, with a deep breath. 'Where we should have been if it hadn't I'm sure I don't know! And, as it is—By the way, Arthur, have you got that packet ready for New York?' Her tone was quick and anxious.

'What, the proofs of "Dizzy"? Oh, goodness, that'll do any time. Don't bother, Doris. I'm really rather done—and this post is—well, upon my word, it's overwhelming!' And, gathering up the letters, he threw himself with an air of fatigue into a long chair, his hands behind his head. 'Perhaps after tea and a cigarette I shall feel more fit.'

'Arthur!—you know to-morrow is the last day for catching the New York mail.'

'Well, hang it, if I don't catch it, they must wait, that's all!' said Meadows peevishly. 'If they won't take it, somebody else will.'

'They' represented the editor and publisher of a famous New York magazine, who had agreed by cable to give a large sum for the 'Dizzy' lecture, provided it reached them by a certain date.

Doris twisted her lip.

'Arthur, *do* think of the bills!'

'Darling, don't be a nuisance! If I succeed I shall make money. And if this isn't a success I don't know what is.' He pointed to the letters on his lap, an impatient gesture which dislodged a certain number of them, so that they came rustling to the floor.

'Hullo!—here's one you haven't opened. Another coronet! Gracious! I believe it's the woman who asked us to dinner a fortnight ago, and we couldn't go.'

Meadows sat up with a jerk, all languor dispelled, and held out his hand for the letter.

'Lady Dunstable! by George! I thought she'd ask us,—though you don't deserve it, Doris, for you didn't take any trouble at all about her first invitation—'

'We were engaged!' cried Doris, interrupting him, her eyebrows mounting.

'We could have got out of it perfectly. But now, listen to this :

"Dear Mr. Meadows,—I hope your wife will excuse my writing to you instead of to her, as you and I are already acquainted. Can I induce you both to come to Crosby Ledgers for a week-end, on July 16? We hope to have a pleasant party, a diplomat or two, the Home Secretary, and General Hichen—perhaps some others. You would, I am sure, admire our hill country, and I should like to show you some of the precious autographs we have inherited.

"Yours sincerely,

"RACHEL DUNSTABLE.

"If your wife brings a maid, perhaps she will kindly let me know."

Doris laughed, and the amused scorn of her laugh annoyed her husband. However, at that moment their small house-parlour-maid entered with the tea-tray, and Doris rose to make a place for it. The parlourmaid put it down with much unnecessary noise, and Doris, looking at her in alarm, saw that her expression was sulky and her eyes red. When the girl had departed, Mrs. Meadows said with resignation—

'There! that one will give me notice to-morrow!'

'Well, I'm sure you could easily get a better!' said her husband sharply.

Doris shook her head.

'The fourth in six months!' she said, sighing. 'And she really is a good girl.'

'I suppose, as usual, she complains of me!' The voice was that of an injured man.

'Yes, dear, she does! They all do. You give them a lot of extra work already, and all these things you have been buying lately—oh, Arthur, if you *wouldn't* buy things!—mean more work. You know that copper coal-scuttle you sent in yesterday?'

'Well, isn't it a beauty?—a real Georgian piece!' cried Meadows, indignantly.

'I dare say it is. But it has to be cleaned. When it arrived Jane came to see me in this room, shut the door, and put her back against it. "There's another of them beastly copper coal-scuttles come!" You should have seen her eyes blazing. "And I should like to know, ma'am, who's going to clean it—'cos I can't." And I just had to promise her it might go dirty.'

'Lazy minx!' said Meadows, good-humouredly, with his mouth

full of tea-cake. 'At last I have something good to look at in this room.' He turned his eyes caressingly towards the new coal-scuttle. 'I suppose I shall have to clean it myself!'

Doris laughed again—this time almost hysterically—but was checked by a fresh entrance of Jane, who, with an air of defiance, deposited a heavy parcel on a chair beside her mistress, and flounced out again.

'What is this?' said Doris in consternation. 'Books? More books? Heavens, Arthur, what have you been ordering now! I couldn't sleep last night for thinking of the book-bills.'

'You little goose! Of course, I must buy books! Aren't they my tools, my stock-in-trade? Haven't these lectures justified the book-bills a dozen times over?'

This time Arthur Meadows surveyed his wife in real irritation and disgust.

'But Arthur!—you could get them *all* at the London Library—you know you could!'

'And pray how much time do I waste in going backwards and forwards after books? Any man of letters worth his salt wants a library of his own—within reach of his hand.'

'Yes, if he can pay for it!' said Doris, with plaintive emphasis, as she ruefully turned over the costly volumes which the parcel contained.

'Don't fash yourself, my dear child! Why, what I'm getting for the Dizzy lecture is alone nearly enough to pay all the bills.'

'It isn't! And just think of all the others! Well—never mind!'

Doris's protesting mood suddenly collapsed. She sat down on a stool beside her husband, rested her elbow on his knee, and, chin in hand, surveyed him with a softened countenance. Doris Meadows was not a beauty; only pleasant-faced, with good eyes, and a strong, expressive mouth. Her brown hair was perhaps her chief point, and she wore it rippled and coiled so as to set off a shapely head and neck. It was always a secret grievance with her that she had so little positive beauty. And her husband had never flattered her on the subject. In the early days of their marriage she had timidly asked him, after one of their bridal dinner-parties in which she had worn her wedding-dress—'Did I look nice to-night? Do you—do you ever think I look pretty, Arthur?' And he had looked her over, with an odd change of expression—careless affection passing into something critical and cool:—
'I'm never ashamed of you, Doris, in any company. Won't you

be satisfied with that?' She had been far from satisfied; the phrase had burnt in her memory from then till now. But she knew Arthur had not meant to hurt her, and she bore him no grudge. And, by now, she was too well acquainted with the rubs and prose of life, too much occupied with house-books, and rough servants, and the terror of an overdrawn account, to have any time or thought to spare to her own looks. Fortunately she had an instinctive love for neatness and delicacy; so that her little figure, besides being agile and vigorous—capable of much dignity too on occasion—was of a singular trimness and grace in all its simple appointments. Her trousseau was long since exhausted, and she rarely had a new dress. But slovenly she could not be.

It was the matter of a new dress which was now indeed running in her mind. She took up Lady Dunstable's letter, and read it pensively through again.

'You can accept for yourself, Arthur, of course,' she said looking up. 'But I can't possibly go.'

Meadows protested loudly.

'You have no excuse at all!' he declared hotly. 'Lady Dunstable has given us a month's notice. You *can't* get out of it. Do you want me to be known as a man who accepts smart invitations without his wife? There is no more caddish creature in the world!'

Doris could not help smiling upon him. But her mouth was none the less determined.

'I haven't got a single frock that's fit for Crosby Ledgers. And I'm not going on tick for a new one!'

'I never heard anything so absurd! Shan't we have more money in a few weeks than we've had for years?'

'I dare say. It's all wanted. Besides, I have my work to finish.'

'My dear Doris!'

A slight red mounted in Doris's cheeks.

'Oh, you may be as scornful as you like! But ten pounds is ten pounds, and I like keeping engagements.'

The 'work' in question meant illustrations for a children's book. Doris had accepted the commission with eagerness, and had been going regularly to the Campden Hill studio of an Academician—her mother's brother—who was glad to supply her with some of the 'properties' she wanted for her drawings.

'I shall soon not allow you to do anything of the kind,' said Meadows with decision.

'On the contrary! I shall always take paid work when I can get it,' was the firm reply—'unless——'

'Unless what?'

'You know,' she said quietly. Meadows was silent a moment, then reached out for her hand, which she gave him. They had no children; and, as he well knew, Doris pined for them. The look in her eyes when she nursed her friends' babies had often hurt him. But after all, why despair? It was only four years from their wedding day.

But he was not going to be beaten in the matter of Crosby Ledgers. They had a long and heated discussion, at the end of which Doris surrendered.

'Very well! I shall have to spend a week in doing up my old black gown, and it will be a botch at the end of it. But—*nothing—will induce me—to get a new one!*'

She delivered this ultimatum with her hands behind her, a defeated, but still resolute young person. Meadows, having won the main battle, left the rest to Providence, and went off to his 'den' to read all his letters through once more—agreeable task!—and to write a note of acceptance to the Home Secretary, who had asked him to luncheon. Doris was not included in the invitation. 'But anybody may ask a husband—or a wife—to lunch, separately. That's understood. I shan't do it often, however—that I can tell them!' And justified by this Spartan temper as to the future, he wrote a charming note, accepting the delights of the present, so full of epigram that the Cabinet Minister to whom it was addressed had no sooner read it than he consigned it instantaneously to his wife's collection of autographs.

Meanwhile Doris was occupied partly in soothing the injured feelings of Jane, and partly in smoothing out and inspecting her one evening frock. She decided that it would take her a week to 'do it up,' and that she would do it herself. 'A week wasted!' she thought—'and all for nothing. What do we want with Lady Dunstable! She'll flatter Arthur, and make him lazy. They all do! And I've no use for her at all. *Maid* indeed! Does she think nobody can exist without that appendage? How I should like to make her live on four hundred a year, with a husband that will spend seven!'

She stood, half amused, half frowning, beside the bed on which lay her one evening frock. But the frown passed away, effaced by an expression much softer and tenderer than anything she had allowed Arthur to see of late. Of course she delighted in Arthur's

success; she was proud, indeed, through and through. Hadn't she always known that he had this gift, this quick, vivacious power of narrative, this genius—for it was something like it—for literary portraiture? And now at last the stimulus had come—and the opportunity with it. Could she ever forget the anxiety of the first lecture—the difficulty she had had in making him finish it—his careless, unbusiness-like management of the whole affair? But then had come the burst of praise and popularity; and Arthur was a new man. No difficulty—or scarcely—in getting him to work since then! Applause, so new and intoxicating, had lured him on, as she had been wont to lure the black pony of her childhood with a handful of sugar. Yes, her Arthur was a genius; she had always known it. And something of a child too—lazy, wilful, and sensuous—that, too, she had known for some time. And she loved him with all her heart.

'But I won't have him spoilt by those fine ladies!' she said to herself, with frowning clear-sightedness. 'They make a perfect fool of him. Now, then, I'd better write to Lady Dunstable. Of course she ought to have written to me!'

So she sat down and wrote:

'Dear Lady Dunstable,—We have much pleasure in accepting your kind invitation, and I will let you know our train later. I have no maid, so—'

But at this point Mrs. Meadows, struck by a sudden idea, threw down her pen.

'Heavens!—suppose I took Jane? Somebody told me the other day that nobody got any attention at Crosby Ledgers without a maid. And it might bribe Jane into staying. I should feel a horrid snob—but it would be rather fun—especially as Lady Dunstable will certainly be immensely surprised. The fare would be only about five shillings—Jane would get her food for two days at the Dunstables' expense—and I should have a friend. I'll do it.'

So, with her eyes dancing, Doris tore up her note, and began again:

'Dear Lady Dunstable,—We have much pleasure in accepting your kind invitation, and I will let you know our train later. As you kindly permit me, I will bring a maid.

'Yours sincerely,

'DORIS MEADOWS.'

The month which elapsed between Lady Dunstable's invitation

and the Crosby Ledgers party was spent by Doris first in 'doing up' her frock, and then in taking the bloom off it at various dinner-parties to which they were already invited as the 'celebrities' of the moment; in making Arthur's wardrobe presentable; in watching over the tickets and receipts of the weekly lectures; in collecting the press cuttings about them; in finishing her illustrations; and in instructing the awe-struck Jane, now perfectly amenable, in the mysteries that would be expected of her.

Meanwhile Mrs. Meadows heard various accounts from artistic and literary friends of the parties at Crosby Ledgers. These accounts were generally prefaced by the laughing remark 'But anything *I* can say is ancient history. Lady Dunstable dropped us long ago!'

Anyway, it appeared that the mistress of Crosby Ledgers could be charming, and could also be exactly the reverse. She was a creature of whims and did precisely as she pleased. Everything she did apparently was acceptable to Lord Dunstable, who admired her blindly. But in one point at least she was a disappointed woman. Her son, an unsatisfactory youth of two-and-twenty, was seldom to be seen under his parents' roof, and it was rumoured that he had already given them a great deal of trouble.

'The dreadful thing, my dear, is the *games* they play!' said the wife of a dramatist, whose one successful piece had been followed by years of ill-fortune.

'Games?' said Doris. 'Do you mean cards—for money?'

'Oh, dear no! Intellectual games. *Bouts-rimés*; translations—Lady Dunstable looks out the bits and some people think the words—beforehand; paragraphs on a subject—in a particular style—Pater's, or Ruskin's, or Carlyle's. Each person throws two slips into a hat. On one you write the subject, on another the name of the author whose style is to be imitated. Then you draw. Of course Lady Dunstable carries off all the honours. But then everybody believes she spends all the mornings preparing these things. She never comes down till nearly lunch.'

'This is really appalling!' said Doris, with round eyes. 'I have forgotten everything I ever knew.'

As for her own impressions of the great lady, she had only seen her once in the semi-darkness of the lecture-room, and could only remember a long, sallow face, with striking black eyes and a pointed chin, a general look of distinction and an air of one accustomed

to the 'chief seat' at any board—whether the feasts of reason or those of a more ordinary kind.

As the days went on, Doris, for all her sturdy self-reliance, began to feel a little nervous inwardly. She had been quite well-educated, first at a good High School, and then in the class-rooms of a provincial University; and, as the clever daughter of a clever doctor in large practice, she had always been in touch with the intellectual world, especially on its scientific side. And for nearly two years before her marriage she had been a student at the Slade School. But since her imprudent love-match with a literary man had plunged her into the practical work of a small household, run on a scanty and precarious income, she had been obliged, one after another, to let the old interests go. Except the drawing. That was good enough to bring her a little money, as an illustrator, designer of Christmas cards, etc.; and she filled most of her spare time with it.

But now she feverishly looked out some of her old books—Pater's 'Studies,' a volume of Huxley's Essays, 'Shelley' and 'Keats' in the 'Men of Letters' series. She borrowed two or three of the political biographies with which Arthur's shelves were crowded, having all the while, however, the dispiriting conviction that Lady Dunstable had been dandled on the knees of every English Prime Minister since her birth, and had been the blood relation of all of them, except perhaps Mr. G., whose blood no doubt had not been blue enough to entitle him to the privilege.

However, she must do her best. She kept these feelings and preparations entirely secret from Arthur, and she saw the day of the visit dawn in a mood of mingled expectation and revolt.

CHAPTER II.

It was a perfect June evening: Doris was seated on one of the spreading lawns of Crosby Ledgers,—a low Georgian house, much added to at various times, and now a pleasant medley of pillared verandahs, tiled tops, cupolas, and dormer windows, apparently unpretending, but, as many people knew, one of the most luxurious of English country houses.

Lady Dunstable, in a flowing dress of lilac crêpe and a large black hat, had just given Mrs. Meadows a second cup of tea, and was clearly doing her duty—and showing it—to a guest whose entertainment could not be trusted to go of itself. The only other persons at

the tea-table—the Meadowses having arrived late—were an elderly man with long Dundreary whiskers, in a Panama hat and a white waistcoat, and a lady of uncertain age, plump, kind-eyed, and merry-mouthed, in whom Doris had at once divined a possible harbour of refuge from the terrors of the situation. Arthur was strolling up and down the lawn with the Home Secretary, smoking and chatting—talking indeed nineteen to the dozen, and entirely at his ease. A few other groups were scattered over the grass; while girls in white dresses and young men in flannels were playing tennis in the distance. A lake at the bottom of the sloping garden made light and space in a landscape otherwise too heavily walled in by thick woodland. White swans floated on the lake, and the June trees beyond were in their freshest and proudest leaf. A church tower rose appropriately in a corner of the park, and on the other side of the deer-fence beyond the lake a herd of red deer were feeding. Doris could not help feeling as though the whole scene had been lately painted for a new ‘high life’ play at the St. James’s Theatre, and she half expected to see Sir George Alexander walk out of the bushes.

‘I suppose, Mrs. Meadows, you have been helping your husband with his lectures?’ said Lady Dunstable, a little languidly, as though the heat oppressed her. She was making play with a cigarette and her half-shut eyes were fixed on the ‘lion’s’ wife. The eyes fascinated Doris. Surely they were artificially blackened, above and below? And the lips—had art been delicately invoked, or was Nature alone responsible?

‘I copy things for Arthur,’ said Doris. ‘Unfortunately, I can’t type.’

At the sound of the young and musical voice, the gentleman with the Dundreary whiskers—Sir Luke Malford—who had seemed half asleep, turned sharply to look at the speaker. Doris too was in a white dress, of the simplest stuff and make; but it became her. So did the straw hat, with its wreath of wild roses, which she had trimmed herself that morning. There was not the slightest visible sign of tremor in the young woman; and Sir Luke’s inner mind applauded her.

‘No fool!—and a lady,’ he thought. ‘Let’s see what Rachel will make of her.’

‘Then you don’t help him in the writing?’ said Lady Dunstable, still with the same detached air. Doris laughed.

‘I don’t know what Arthur would say if I proposed it. He never lets anybody go near him when he’s writing.’

'I see; like all geniuses, he's dangerous on the loose.' Was Lady Dunstable's smile just touched with sarcasm? 'Well!—has the success of the lectures surprised you?'

Doris pondered.

'No,' she said at last, 'not really. I always thought Arthur had it in him.'

'But you hardly expected such a run—such an excitement?'

'I don't know,' said Doris, coolly. 'I think I did—sometimes. The question is how long it will last.'

She looked, smiling, at her interrogator.

The gentleman with the whiskers stooped across the table.

'Oh, nothing lasts in this world. But that of course is what makes a good time so good.'

Doris turned towards him—demurring—for the sake of conversation. 'I never could understand how Cinderella enjoyed the ball.'

'For thinking of the clock?' laughed Sir Luke. 'No, no!—you can't mean that. It's the expectation of the clock that doubles the pleasure. Of course you agree, Rachel!'—he turned to her—'else why did you read me that very doleful poem yesterday, on this very theme?—that it's only the certainty of death that makes life agreeable? By the way, George Eliot had said it before!'

'The poem was by a friend of mine,' said Lady Dunstable, coldly. 'I read it you to see how it sounded. But I thought it poor stuff.'

'How unkind of you! The man who wrote it says he lives upon your friendship.'

'That, perhaps, is why he's so thin.'

Sir Luke laughed again.

'To be sure, I saw the poor man—after you had talked to him the other night—going to Dunstable to be consoled. Poor George! he's always healing the wounds you make.'

'Of course. That's why I married him. George says all the civil things. That sets me free to do the rude ones.'

'Rachel!' The exclamation came from the plump lady opposite, who was smiling broadly, and showing some very white teeth. A signal passed from her eyes to those of Doris, as though to say 'Don't be alarmed!'

But Doris was not at all alarmed. She was eagerly watching Lady Dunstable, as one watches for the mannerisms of some

well-known performer. Sir Luke perceived it, and immediately began to show off his hostess by one of the sparring matches that were apparently frequent between them. They fell to discussing a party of guests—landowners from a neighbouring estate—who seemed to have paid a visit to Crosby Ledgers the day before. Lady Dunstable had not enjoyed them, and her tongue on the subject was sharpness itself, restrained by none of the ordinary compunctions. 'Is this how she talks about all her guests—on Monday morning?' thought Doris, with quickened pulse as the biting sentences flew about.

... 'Mr. Worthing? Why did he marry her? Oh, because he wanted a stuffed goose to sit by the fire while he went out and amused himself. . . Why did she marry him? Ah, that's more difficult to answer. Is one obliged to credit Mrs. Worthing with any reasons—on any subject? However, I like Mr. Worthing—he's what men ought to be.'

'And that is—?' Doris ventured to put in.

'Just—men,' said Lady Dunstable, shortly.

Sir Luke laughed over his cigarette.

'That you may fool them? Well, Rachel, all the same, you would die of Worthing's company in a month.'

'I shouldn't die,' said Lady Dunstable, quietly. 'I should murder.'

'Hullo, what's my wife talking about?' said a bluff and friendly voice. Doris looked up to see a handsome man with grizzled hair approaching.

'Mrs. Meadows? How do you do? What a beautiful evening you've brought! Your husband and I have been having a jolly talk. My word!—he's a clever chap. Let me congratulate you on the lectures. Biggest success known in recent days!'

Doris beamed upon her host, well pleased, and he settled down beside her, doing his kind best to entertain her. In him, all those protective feelings towards a stranger, in which his wife appeared to be conspicuously lacking, were to be discerned on first acquaintance. Doris was practically sure that his inner mind was thinking—'Poor little thing!—knows nobody here. Rachel's been scaring her. Must look after her!'

And look after her he did. He was by no means an amusing companion. Lazy, gentle, and ineffective, Doris soon perceived that he was entirely eclipsed by his wife, who, now that she was relieved of Mrs. Meadows, was soon surrounded by a congenial

company—the Home Secretary, one or two other politicians, the old General, a literary Dean, Lord Staines, a great racing man, Arthur Meadows, and one or two more. The talk became almost entirely political—with a dash of literature. Doris soon perceived that Lady Dunstable was the centre of it, and she was not long in guessing that it was for this kind of talk that people came to Crosby Ledgers. Lady Dunstable, it seemed, was capable of talking like a man with men, and like a man of affairs with the men of affairs. Her political knowledge was astonishing; so, evidently, was her background of family and tradition, interwoven throughout with English political history. English statesmen had not only dandled her, they had taught her, walked with her, written to her, and—no doubt—flirted with her. Doris, as she listened to her, disliked her heartily, and at the same time could not help being thrilled by so much knowledge, so much contact with history in the making, and by such a masterful way, in a woman, with the great ones of the earth. ‘What a worm she must think me!’ thought Doris—‘what a worm she *does* think me—and the likes of me!’

At the same time, the spectator must needs admit there was something else in Lady Dunstable’s talk than mere intelligence or mere mannishness. There was undoubtedly something of ‘the good fellow,’ and, through all her hard hitting, a curious absence—in conversation—of the personal egotism she was quite ready to show in all the trifles of life. On the present occasion her main object clearly was to bring out Arthur Meadows—the new captive of her bow and spear; to find out what was in him; to see if he was worthy of her inner circle. Throwing all compliment aside, she attacked him hotly on certain statements—certain estimates—in his lectures. Her knowledge was personal; the knowledge of one whose father had sat in Dizzy’s latest Cabinet, while, through the endless cousinship of the English landed families, she was as much related to the Whig as to the Tory leaders of the past. She talked familiarly of ‘Uncle This’ or ‘Cousin That,’ who had been apparently the idols of her nursery before they had become the heroes of England; and Meadows had much ado to defend himself against her store of anecdote and reminiscence. ‘Unfair!’ thought Doris, breathlessly watching the contest of wits. ‘Oh, if she weren’t a woman, Arthur could easily beat her!’

But she was a woman, and not at all unwilling, when hard pressed, to take advantage of that fact.

All the same, Meadows was stirred to most unwonted efforts. He proved to be an antagonist worth her steel; and Doris's heart swelled with secret pride as she saw how all the other voices died down, how more and more people came up to listen, even the young men and maidens,—throwing themselves on the grass, around the two disputants. Finally Lady Dunstable carried off the honours. Had she not seen Lord Beaconsfield twice during the fatal week of his last general election, when England turned against him, when his great rival triumphed, and all was lost? Had he not talked to her, as great men will talk to the young and charming women whose flatteries soften their defeats; so that, from the wings, she had seen almost the last of that well-graced actor, caught his last gestures and some of his last words.

'Brava, brava!' said Meadows, when the story ceased, although it had been intended to upset one of his own most brilliant generalisations; and a sound of clapping hands went round the circle. Lady Dunstable, a little flushed and panting, smiled and was silent. Meadows, meanwhile, was thinking—'How often has she told that tale? She has it by heart. Every touch in it has been sharpened a dozen times. All the same—a wonderful performance!'

Lord Dunstable, meanwhile, sat absolutely silent, his hat on the back of his head, his attention fixed on his wife. As the group broke up, and the chairs were pushed back, he said in Doris's ear—'Isn't she an awfully clever woman, my wife?'

Before Doris could answer, she heard Lady Dunstable carelessly—but none the less peremptorily—inviting her women guests to see their rooms. Doris walked by her hostess's side towards the house. Every trace of animation and charm had now vanished from that lady's manner. She was as languid and monosyllabic as before, and Doris could only feel once again that while her clever husband was an eagerly welcomed guest, she herself could only expect to reckon as his appendage—a piece of family luggage.

Lady Dunstable threw open the door of a spacious bedroom. 'No doubt you will wish to rest till dinner,' she said, severely. 'And of course your maid will ask for what she wants.' At the word 'maid,' did Doris dream it, or was there a satiric gleam in the hard black eyes? 'Pretender,' it seemed to say—and Doris's conscience admitted the charge.

And indeed the door had no sooner closed on Lady Dunstable before an agitated knock announced Jane—in tears.

She stood opposite her mistress in desperation.

'Please, ma'am—I'll have to have an evening dress—or I can't go in to supper!'

'What on earth do you mean?' said Doris, staring at her.

'Every maid in this 'ouse, ma'am, 'as got to dress for supper. The maids go in the 'ousekeeper's room, an' they've all on 'em got dresses V-shaped, or cut square, or something. This black dress, ma'am, won't do at all. So I can't have no supper. I couldn't dream, ma'am, of goin' in different to the others!'

'You silly creature!' said Doris, springing up. 'Look here—I'll lend you my spare blouse. You can turn it in at the neck, and wear my white scarf. You'll be as smart as any of them!'

And half laughing, half compassionate, she pulled her blouse out of the box, adjusted the white scarf to it herself, and sent the bewildered Jane about her business, after having shown her first how to unpack her mistress's modest belongings, and strictly charged her to return half an hour before dinner. 'Of course I shall dress myself,—but you may as well have a lesson.'

The girl went, and Doris was left stormily wondering why she had been such a fool as to bring her. Then her sense of humour conquered, and her brow cleared. She went to the open window and stood looking over the park beyond. Sunset lay broad and rich over the wide stretches of grass, and on the splendid oaks lifting their dazzling leaf to the purest of skies. The roses in the garden sent up their scent, there was a plashing of water from an invisible fountain, and the deer beyond the fence wandered in and out of the broad bands of shadow drawn across the park. Doris's young feet fidgeted under her. She longed to be out exploring the woods and the lake. Why was she immured in this stupid room, to which Lady Dunstable had conducted her with a chill politeness which had said plainly enough 'Here you are—and here you stay!—till dinner!'

'If I could only find a back-staircase,' she thought, 'I would soon be enjoying myself! Arthur, lucky wretch, said something about playing golf. No!—there he is!'

And sure enough, on the farthest edge of the lawn going towards the park, she saw two figures walking—Lady Dunstable and Arthur! 'Deep in talk of course—having the best of times—while I am shut up here—half-past six!—on a glorious evening!' The reflection, however, was, on the whole, good-humoured. She did not feel, as yet, either jealous or tragic. Some

day, she supposed, if it was to be her lot to visit country houses, she would get used to their ways. For Arthur, of course, it was useful—perhaps necessary—to be put through his paces by a woman like Lady Dunstable. ‘And he can hold his own. But for me? I contribute nothing. I don’t belong to them—they don’t want me—and what use have I for them?’

Her meditations, however, were here interrupted by a knock. On her saying ‘Come in’—the door opened cautiously to admit the face of the substantial lady, Miss Field, to whom Doris had been introduced at the tea-table.

‘Are you resting?’ said Miss Field, ‘or only “interned”?’

‘Oh, please come in!’ cried Doris. ‘I never was less tired in my life.’

Miss Field entered, and took the arm-chair that Doris offered her, fronting the open window and the summer scene. Her face would have suited the Muse of Mirth, if any Muse is ever forty years of age. The small, up-turned nose, and full red lips were always smiling; so were the eyes; and the fair skin and still golden hair, the plump figure and gay dress of flower-sprigged muslin, were all in keeping with the part.

‘You have never seen my cousin before?’ she inquired.

‘Lady Dunstable? Is she your cousin?’

Miss Field nodded. ‘My first cousin. And I spend a great part of the year here, helping in different ways. Rachel can’t do without me now, so I’m able to keep her in order. Don’t ever be shy with her! Don’t ever let her think she frightens you!—those are the two indispensable rules here.’

‘I’m afraid I should break them,’ said Doris, slowly. ‘She does frighten me—horribly!’

‘Ah, well, you didn’t show it—that’s the chief thing. You know she’s a much more human creature than she seems.’

‘Is she?’ Doris’s eyes pursued the two distant figures in the park.

‘You’d think, for instance, that Lord Dunstable was just a cipher? Not at all. He’s the real authority here, and when he puts his foot down Rachel always gives in. But of course she’s stood in the way of his career.’

Doris shrank a little from these indiscretions. But she could not keep her curiosity out of her eyes, and Miss Field smilingly answered it.

‘She’s absorbed him so! You see he watches her all the time.

She's like an endless play to him. He really doesn't care for anything else—he doesn't want anything else. Of course they're very rich. But he might have done something in politics, if she hadn't been so much more important than he. And then, naturally, she's made enemies—powerful enemies. Her friends come here of course—her old cronies—the people who can put up with her. They're devoted to her. And the young people—the very modern ones—who think nice manners “early Victorian,” and like her rudeness for the sake of her cleverness. But the rest!—What do you think she did at one of these parties last year?’

Doris could not help wishing to know.

‘She took a fancy to ask a girl near here—the daughter of a clergyman, a great friend of Lord Dunstable's, to come over for the Sunday. Lord Dunstable had talked of the girl, and Rachel's always on the look-out for cleverness; she hunts it like a hound! She met the young woman too somewhere, and got the impression—I can't say how—that she would “go.” So on the Saturday morning she went over in her pony-carriage—broke in on the little Rectory like a hurricane—of course you know the people about here regard her as something semi-divine!—and told the girl she had come to take her back to Crosby Ledgers for the Sunday. So the poor child packed up, all in a flutter, and they set off together in the pony-carriage—six miles. And by the time they had gone four Rachel had discovered she had made a mistake—that the girl wasn't clever, and would add nothing to the party. So she quietly told her that she was afraid, after all, the party wouldn't suit her. And then she turned the pony's head, and drove her straight home again!’

‘Oh!’ cried Doris, her cheeks red, her eyes aflame.

‘Brutal, wasn't it?’ said the other. ‘All the same, there are fine things in Rachel. And in one point she's the most vulnerable of women!’

‘Her son?’ Doris ventured.

Miss Field shrugged her shoulders.

‘He doesn't drink—he doesn't gamble—he doesn't spend money—he doesn't run away with other people's wives. He's just nothing!—just incurably empty and idle. He comes here very little. His mother terrifies him. And since he was twenty-one he has a little money of his own. He hangs about in studios and theatres. His mother doesn't know any of his friends. What she suffers—poor Rachel! She'd have given everything in the world

for a brilliant son. But you can't wonder. She's like some strong plant that takes all the nourishment out of the ground, so that the plants near it starve. She can't help it. She doesn't mean to be a vampire !'

Doris hardly knew what to say. Somehow she wished the Vampire were not walking with Arthur ! That, however, was not a sentiment easily communicable ; and she was just turning it into something else when Miss Field said—abruptly, like someone coming to the real point—

'Does your husband like her ?'

'Why yes, of course !' stammered Doris. 'She's been awfully kind to us about the lectures, and—he loves arguing with her.'

'She loves arguing with *him* !' said Miss Field triumphantly. 'She lives just for such half-hours as that she gave us on the lawn after tea—and all owing to him—he was so inspiring, so stimulating. Oh, you'll see, she'll take you up tremendously—if you want to be taken up !'

The smiling blue eyes looked gaily into Doris's puzzled countenance. Evidently the speaker was much amused by the Meadowses' situation—more amused than her sense of politeness allowed her to explain. Doris was conscious of a vague resentment.

'I'm afraid I don't see what Lady Dunstable will get out of me,' she said, drily.

Miss Field raised her eyebrows.

'Are you going then to let him come here alone ? She'll be always asking you ! Oh, you needn't be afraid—' and this most candid of cousins laughed aloud. 'Rachel isn't a flirt—except of the intellectual kind. But she takes possession—she sticks like a limpet.'

There was a pause. Then Miss Field added :

'You mustn't think it odd that I say these things about Rachel. I have to explain her to people. She's not like anybody else.'

Doris did not quite see the necessity, but she kept the reflection to herself, and Miss Field passed lightly to the other guests—Sir Luke, a tame cat of the house, who quarrelled with Lady Dunstable once a month, vowed he would never come near her again, and always reappeared ; the Dean, who in return for a general submission, was allowed to scold her occasionally for her soul's health ; the politicians whom she could not do without, who were therefore handled more gingerly than the rest ; the military and naval men who loved Dunstable and put up with his wife for his

sake ; and the young people—nephews and nieces and cousins—who liked an unconventional hostess without any foolish notions of chaperonage, and always enjoyed themselves famously at Crosby Ledgers.

‘Now then,’ said Miss Field, rising at last, ‘I think you have the *carte du pays*—and there they are, coming back.’ She pointed to Meadows and Lady Dunstable, crossing the lawn. ‘Whatever you do, hold your own. If you don’t want to play games, don’t play them. If you want to go to church to-morrow, go to church. Lady Dunstable of course is a heathen. And now perhaps, you might *really* rest.’

‘Such a jolly walk!’ said Meadows, entering his wife’s room flushed with exercise and pleasure. ‘The place is divine, and really Lady Dunstable is uncommonly good talk. Hope you haven’t been dull, dear?’

Doris replied, laughing, that Miss Field had taken pity on what would otherwise have been solitary confinement, and that now it was time to dress. Meadows kissed her absently, and, with his head evidently still full of his walk, went to his dressing-room. When he reappeared, it was to find Doris attired in a little black gown, with which he was already too familiar. She saw at once the dissatisfaction in his face.

‘I can’t help it!’ she said, with emphasis. ‘I did my best with it, Arthur, but I’m not a genius at dressmaking. Never mind. Nobody will take any notice of me.’

He quite crossly rebuked her. She really must spend more on her dress. It was unseemly—absurd. She looked as nice as anybody when she was properly got up.

‘Well, don’t buy any more copper coal-scuttles!’ she said slyly, as she straightened his tie, and dropped a kiss on his chin. ‘Then we’ll see.’

They went down to dinner, and on the staircase Meadows turned to say to his wife in a lowered voice :

‘Lady Dunstable wants me to go to them in Scotland—for two or three weeks. I dare say I could do some work.’

‘Oh, does she?’ said Doris.

What perversity drove Lady Dunstable during the evening and the Sunday that followed to match every attention that was lavished on Arthur Meadows by some slight to his wife, will never

be known. But the fact was patent. Throughout the diversions or occupations of the forty-eight hours' visit, Mrs. Meadows was either ignored, snubbed, or contradicted. Only Arthur Meadows, indeed, measuring himself with delight, for the first time, against some of the keenest brains in the country, failed to see it. His blindness allowed Lady Dunstable to run a somewhat dangerous course, unchecked. She risked alienating a man whom she particularly wished to attract; she excited a passion of antagonism in Doris's generally equable breast, and was quite aware of it. Notwithstanding, she followed her whim; and by the Sunday evening there existed between the great lady and her guest a state of veiled war, in which the strokes were by no means always to the advantage of Lady Dunstable.

Doris, for instance, with other guests, expressed a wish to attend morning service on Sunday at a famous cathedral some three miles away. Lady Dunstable immediately announced that everybody who wished to go to church would go to the village church within the park, for which alone carriages would be provided. Then Doris and Sir Luke combined, and walked to the cathedral, three miles there and three miles back—to the huge delight of the other and more docile guests. Sunday evening, again, was devastated by what were called 'games' at Crosby Ledgers. 'Gad, if I wouldn't sooner go in for the Indian Civil again!' said Sir Luke. Doris, with the most ingratiating manner, but quite firmly, begged to be excused. Lady Dunstable bit her lip, and presently, *à propos de bottes*, launched some observations on the need of co-operation in society. It was shirking—refusing to take a hand, to do one's best—false shame, indeed!—that ruined English society and English talk. Let everybody take a lesson from the French! After which the lists were opened, so to speak, and Lady Dunstable, Meadows, the Dean, and about half the young people produced elegant pieces of translation, astounding copies of impromptu verse, essays in all the leading styles of the day, and riddles by the score. The Home Secretary, who had been lassoed by his hostess, escaped towards the middle of the ordeal, and wandered sadly into a further room where Doris sat chatting with Lord Dunstable. He was carrying various slips of paper in his hand, and asked her distractedly if she could throw any light on the question—'Why is Lord Salisbury like a poker?'

'I can't think of anything to say,' he said helplessly, 'except "because they are both upright." And here's another—"Why is the Pope like a thermometer?" I did see some light on that!' His

countenance cheered a little. 'Would this do?' 'Because both are higher in Italy than in England.' Not very good!—but I must think of something.'

Doris put her wits to his. Between them they polished the riddle; but by the time it was done the Home Secretary had begun to find Meadows's little wife, whose existence he had not noticed hitherto, more agreeable than Lady Dunstable's table with its racked countenances, and its too ample supply of pencils and paper. A deadly crime! When Lady Dunstable, on the stroke of midnight, swept through the rooms to gather her guests for bed, she cast a withering glance on Doris and her companion.

'So you despised our little amusements?' she said, as she handed Mrs. Meadows her candle.

'I wasn't worthy of them,' smiled Doris, in reply.

'Well, I call that a delightful visit!' said Meadows as the train next morning pulled out of the Crosby Ledgers station for London. 'I feel freshened up all over.'

Doris looked at him with rather mocking eyes, but said nothing. She fully recognised, however, that Arthur would have been an ungrateful wretch if he had not enjoyed it. Lady Dunstable had been, so to speak, at his feet, and all her little court had taken their cue from her. He had been flattered, drawn out, and shown off to his heart's content, and had been most naturally and humanly happy. 'And I,' thought Doris with sudden repentance, 'was just a spiky, horrid little toad! What was wrong with me?' She was still searching, when Meadows said reproachfully:

'I thought, darling, you might have taken a little more trouble to make friends with Lady Dunstable. However, that'll be all right. I told her, of course, we should be delighted to go to Scotland.'

'Arthur!' cried Doris, aghast. 'Three weeks! I couldn't, Arthur! Don't ask me!'

'And, pray, why?' he angrily inquired.

'Because—oh, Arthur don't you understand? She is a man's woman. She took a particular dislike to me, and I just had to be stubborn and thorny to get on at all. I'm awfully sorry—but I *couldn't* stay with her, and I'm certain you wouldn't be happy either.'

'I should be perfectly happy,' said Meadows, with vehemence. 'And so would you, if you weren't so critical and censorious. Anyway'—his Jove-like mouth shut firmly—'I have promised.'

'You couldn't promise for me!' cried Doris, holding her head very high.

'Then you'll have to let me go without you?'

'Which, of course, was what you swore not to do!' she said, provokingly.

'I thought my wife was a reasonable woman! Lady Dunstable rouses all my powers; she gives me ideas which may be most valuable. It is to the interest of both of us that I should keep up my friendship with her.'

'Then keep it up,' said Doris, her cheeks aflame. 'But you won't want me to help you, Arthur.'

He cried out that it was only pride and conceit that made her behave so. In her heart of hearts, Doris mostly agreed with him. But she wouldn't confess it, and it was presently understood between them that Meadows would duly accept the Dunstables' invitation for August, and that Doris would stay behind.

After which, Doris looked steadily out of the window for the rest of the journey, and could not at all conceal from herself that she had never felt more miserable in her life. The only person in the trio who returned to the Kensington house entirely happy was Jane, who spent the greater part of the day in describing to Martha, the cook-general, the glories of Crosby Ledgers, and her own genteel appearance in Mrs. Meadows's blouse.

(To be continued.)

NOTE.—Readers of English memoirs will perhaps trace an historical element in a few passages of Lady Dunstable's talk.

IN FRENCH LORRAINE.

Just before we left the Gare de l'Est for Nancy we learnt of the aerial raid on the east coast of England, and to judge from the jerky telegrams published in the French papers, our country was in a state of considerable excitement, despite the barrier of the sea. Nancy, ten miles from the German lines, was as tranquil as only a French provincial town can be. In the last war it suffered the German yoke for three long years. To-day, though every military expert foretold its immediate occupation by the Germans, it has defied the invader.

Aeroplanes and Zeppelins may from time to time drop bombs upon it, but they are powerless to alarm its townsfolk, who talk with contempt of that single hour's bombardment which they suffered from the German guns posted on the border of the forest of Champenoux. The enemy fired at haphazard into the town from extreme range, and never once did their shells find any of those artistic treasures which they love to destroy, and with which Nancy is so richly provided. The symmetry of the Place Stanislas, with its graceful gilded gates and lanterns, is still unmarred, and the trees in the beautiful gardens of La Pépinière are still untouched.

Not that the Germans held their hand; they did their utmost to reach Nancy, but on the heights of the Grand Couronné they met their match in generalship and courage.

Even on that black September day, when for the first and last time the enemy pushed forward a battery of six-inch guns within range of the city, and it seemed that they had turned the southern point of the Grand Couronné, the people of Nancy kept calm and confident. Forty shells fell into the town, and then the bombardment suddenly ceased. The word ran round that the danger was over and that the enemy's battery had been destroyed.

Slowly and remorselessly the Germans, straining every nerve to take the town, had driven back the French defence. On the plateau of Amance huge projectiles had been hailed, until it seemed that even the very insects on it must have all been killed, their fragile bodies torn to pieces by shocks that would rend the hardest rock to atoms. So it was that they reached the forest of Champenoux and brought up a battery of big guns. Quite comfortably and at their ease the gunners began to fire over the slopes and trees in front of them, behind which lay their

huge unseen target of the open city. They knew from experience that they could outrange the heaviest French artillery by more than two miles. Suddenly, however, shells began to burst at no great distance, sometimes behind, sometimes to the side—the deadly little shells of the French '75,' the deadliest weapon of modern war. At first they thought that a French battery hidden behind the forest trees were firing at random, for there had been no aeroplane to spy out their position.

But steadily the shells came nearer and nearer, until at last one burst right among the guns, filling the air with countless deadly fragments of flying steel. Then they came fast and furious, directed unerringly to the target by an unseen eye. One gun was dismantled, round a second piece the gun's crew lay lifeless. Very gallantly the men left the disabled gun and sought to serve the second piece. But the fire was too heavy. After a round or two the second gun was out of action, and the French fire was concentrated on a third, until at last the whole battery was silenced, and the few gunners who remained took refuge in the underwood.

Then a man, who had been lying on the border of the forest just where it runs out in a sharp point towards the east and overlooked the German battery, unseen by the enemy who were all around him, set out to crawl back to his own lines. It was a French officer who, with a telephone and three kilometres of wire, had been correcting the fire of his guns beyond the forest, and who had held his post until every gun was silent.

The full story of the defence of Nancy will some day be told by the historian. Not only did it save Nancy, but it was the indispensable condition of the victory of the Marne.

The war began with a great surge forward of the French over the frontier north and south of Metz. The enemy gave way before them, and they believed that the German army was defeated, until they came unawares against a strong position carefully prepared beforehand and well provided with heavy artillery. There the French advance was checked and turned into a retreat. Sullenly General de Castelnau's men fell back across the frontier to the lines of the Grand Couronné, the semicircle of hills that guards Nancy on the north-east.

Flushed with victory, and in their turn thinking that they had utterly overthrown their enemy, the Germans swept on. Ignoring General de Castelnau's army on their flank—was it not beaten and demoralised?—they pressed towards Lunéville and thence towards the Moselle. Their aim was not Nancy but Paris,

and for a moment they must have thought that they had the road clear before them through the 'trouée de Mirecourt,' the fifty miles gap in the fortified frontier of France that lies between Toul and Epinal. As for the armies on the flank, they would roll them up and invest them in Nancy and Toul to grace the German arms with a second Metz or Sedan.

Meanwhile, with grim determination, General de Castelnau reorganised his army behind the barrier of the Grand Couronné. His orders were to seek no great success, but at any cost to hold his own, and preserve unbroken the French line that ran from Paris to Switzerland.

His artillery had been hard hit in the retreat, but he had the great fortress of Toul to draw upon, and in five days he was ready to prove to the enemy that the army on their flank was not so negligible as they supposed.

On August 25 he ordered a general offensive of all his troops, both north and south of Nancy, and directed a series of sledgehammer blows against the German line of communications which their advance towards the Moselle had exposed.

The German Commander, Prince Rupprecht of Bavaria, realised that a further advance would be disastrous, and with all speed he brought back two Army corps to protect his flank. From that moment the German objective changed. All their efforts were directed on the capture of Nancy, and the plan of an advance on Paris through the gap of Mirecourt was abandoned.

It was during these days that the Grand Couronné was exposed to the fiercest assault. An attack made on Ste. Geneviève, its northern point, by two columns that came up the Moselle from Metz was easily repulsed. Then the great effort, backed by heavy artillery brought up from Metz, was made along the main road from Nancy to Salzburg, where it runs through the forest of Champenoux below the plateau of Amance, the southern point of the Grand Couronné. Their advance prepared by such a storm of heavy projectiles as even in this war has rarely been seen, the German infantry fought their way inch by inch towards Nancy. 40,000 shells or some 600 tons of metal were according to the French estimate thrown on to the plateau of Amance alone. Then, however, they discovered the limitations of heavy artillery. They had shelled the plateau of Amance and the whole country-side until it seemed that not a single human being could be left alive. It was for their infantry to discover that the defending army had not been

annihilated, that, on the contrary, it was there in force and with moral unshaken.

Then the '75's,' each one with its twenty melinite shells to the minute, began at last to play their part. Hidden and silent, they had not fired a shot at the heavy guns they could not touch. They had been concealed where no enemy's shell could find them, and now when the infantry was within range they had their word to say. The German advance slackened, was checked and gradually became a movement of retreat. The invader had shot his bolt, and a few days later he was thrown back across the Seille to the positions he holds to-day.

Fighting in the hills and forest country of Lorraine must of necessity differ very considerably from fighting further to the north and west. Natural defences count more and artificial defences less. The trenches are less continuous, and it is on the defence of particular points of vantage rather than on that of a continuous line of country that the efforts of both sides are concentrated.

The art of forest-fighting is one in which the Frenchman excels, since it gives full scope to that initiative, quickness of intelligence and originality which are his birthright, and in Lorraine the French have had their fill of forest-fighting. Once in the undergrowth that both conceals and blinds, each man must to a great extent act and think for himself. Few things would appear more impregnable than such a forest position as that which the Germans had prepared above Gerbéviller. The road skirts the forest and the first two lines of German trenches ran on either side of it. Behind them lay the wood, with nothing to show the ambush which its foliage hid. To reach its edge was hard enough across fifty yards or so of bullet-swept open ground, but once he had passed into the underwood, a man would find himself in a very labyrinth of death. On every side, behind every tree, from every clump, from every leaf-covered mound death would await him. For the pick-axe and spade had been hard at work, until the soil from one end of the wood to the other had been honeycombed with thousands of little semicircular trenches, each holding two or three men. Thatched over with leafy branches they were all of them invisible. Even unoccupied by the foe, they seemed to offer an insuperable obstacle to any hurried advance.

If a man tried to force his way through the scrub oak in a hurry, he might fall into a dozen trenches some three or four feet deep before he had gained as many yards.

Yet this position with all its intricate trenches was carried by a bayonet charge.

It was on August 30 that the French troops, who had checked the German advance on the Moselle and converted it into a retreat, prepared to assault the enemy's positions above the Mortagne near Gerbéviller. At this point the eastern bank of the Mortagne rises abruptly some two hundred feet to a plateau. The French had established themselves on the edge of this plateau in a line of hastily constructed trenches. Their only communication with the other bank and the main body of their army was a fragile-looking donkey-back footbridge over which reinforcements had to be brought in single file.

The Mortagne, although it looks shallow enough, is with its eddies and deep holes very treacherous, and fords are few and far between. No artillery could be brought across it, but a battery of six-inch Raimailhos was posted on the further bank with a view to supporting the assault.

Unhappily it was among the French troops that it was fated to do its greatest execution.

The French had 500 or 600 yards of open ground to cover before they reached the first line of the enemy's trenches. Behind the line was a broad main road and on the further side of it a second line of trenches. Behind this line was the forest position at a distance of 2400 mètres from the Raimailhos on the further bank.

Early in the morning, in a dense fog, the order to attack was given, and two regiments made a frontal attack on the forest, while a third regiment on the left tried to work its way up the valley which bounds the plateau on the Gerbéviller side.

The men were reservists between twenty-eight and thirty-two, most of them married, and they went to work with the true *furia francese*. Using only the bayonet ('la Rosalie' as it is affectionately called), with a single rush they carried the first line of the trenches. Then, scarcely pausing to reform, they sprang across the road and swept the second line of the trenches clear of the enemy, who seemed utterly demoralised by this mad onslaught in a blinding mist. Without a pause they swept on into the wood itself. The Germans made no attempt to hold the shelters and trenches on which so much labour and ingenuity had been spent but fled without firing a shot.

In half an hour the 292nd regiment had carried the whole position in front of it.

Unfortunately no one had anticipated so speedy a success. Three

hours, at least, had been allowed for the capture of the first two lines of trenches, and it was at this moment that the big Rimailhos on the other side of the river chose to open a tremendous fire on the forest with the idea of driving the enemy from positions that were almost impregnable.

The range was known to a nicety. The French soldiers, after stumbling over empty trenches and fighting their way through the underwood in hot pursuit of a vanished foe, were just pausing to take breath when the whole wood round them was turned into an inferno of fire and steel and flying splinters. In a wood the effect of melinite is particularly deadly. In addition to the shock of its explosion, which is sufficient to kill a man without causing a visible wound, it fills the air with countless splintered fragments of wood.

There was no means of sending word to the French guns beyond the Mortagne that they were mowing down their own troops. There was a telephone to the battery from a farm building a hundred yards or so below the trenches from which the charge started, but in the mist and confusion no one thought of it and the mischief was done long before it could be reached.

In all probability the men themselves had no idea that they were being torn to pieces by their own guns. For a time they tried to hold the ground they had gained so gallantly. The task was beyond the power of human nature.

A few shattered fragments of the regiment fell back in disorder on the reserve companies stationed in the rear. For a moment there was something of a panic. The colours of the regiment were lost in the Mortagne, their bearer being drowned, but a private plunged in after them and brought them back to land.

Then the men rallied and reformed along the line of trenches whence they had started that morning. It seemed that all their dash and courage had been wasted. But, in point of fact, the enemy had been utterly demoralised, and later, when the division engaged had been relieved by another division, made no attempt to defend the position. So that after all something had been achieved by this terrible loss of life.

One of the characteristics of fighting in Lorraine is the invisibility of the troops engaged. At one point we were less than three miles from the enemy's lines. Our motors had been left under the crest of a hill for fear of attracting the enemy's fire. Along the crest of the hill itself ran the second line of the

French trenches, looking very cold and uninviting, half full of frozen water. On the left the trench ran down into a little valley and up again on the further side like a brown scar on the hill-side, and on the right it disappeared in a dense wood.

Straight ahead in the foreground was a little village clustered on a slope. It had suffered little from shell fire, as the projectiles of both sides generally passed over it, but it could only be revictualled at night for fear of attracting the enemy's fire. Guns were booming away steadily in the distance, but apart from this sound it would be hard to imagine a more peaceful scene. The whole country-side was desolate as only the French country can be. Apart from our own party, the only sign of life in sight appeared to be a sentry and a country cart lumbering along towards us. The sentry, as he stood, muffled up to the eyes, beside a rough shelter made of branches which marked the beginning of the first line of defence, looked in his dark blue uniform against the snow-covered fields as though he had stepped out of a picture by Meissonier.

The cart seemed as peaceful as a farm cart can seem, and at the first glance one did not notice that its carters were soldiers and that it was carrying a wounded man to the rear.

In that district there was one man and more to every square rod, and yet these were the only living beings in sight.

In the background, on a hill that marks the further bank of the Seille, the frontier river, stood a long low red farm-house. At first sight there was nothing to distinguish it from any other farm-house, but a word from an officer had the power to give it a special interest of its own. It marked the position of the German outposts.

Through the glasses we could distinguish the brown lines of the German trenches cut in the slopes below it and, for an instant, a black figure of a sentry, which immediately after disappeared. No doubt he thought our party unworthy of his attention.

The guns were booming on either side and these were all the visible signs of war, unless one might count grey wreaths of smoke that floated lightly above the forest.

Instinctively one's mind went back to the tales of Iroquois and Sioux, of Hawkeye and the last of the Mohicans. The woods were full of men armed to the teeth and seeking one another's lives, but there was nothing to betray their presence, no sign except the thin smoke that clung to the tree-tops, no sound except the distant thunder of the guns.

Over yonder on the further side of the Seille valley the smoke

was rising from German camp-fires, nearer it betrayed the huts where the French were cooking their evening meal.

Trapper and Indian, when in days gone by they hid their trail so cunningly and vied with one another in the art of invisibility, had no fear of observation from above. The sky was still the birthright of the birds, and man had no part in it to make war from the clouds. So that if their tracks and their camp were hidden from the sight of those who walked on the ground like themselves, they had achieved their end. But to-day a new instinct is being developed. The soldier when he has found shelter must feel instinctively whether he is hidden not only from eyes on a level with his own, but also from those of the aviator who glides far above, like Chil the kite in the Jungle-book, waiting and watching for things to die.

If but a glimpse is given to the watcher above, a signal follows, and in an instant the secret refuge has become the target of every gun within range.

The ingenuity with which men and guns are hidden passes description. In the forest one may catch a glimpse of little huts, like the wood-cutter's cottage of a fairy-tale, thatched with oak branches to which the shrivelled leaves are still clinging so that the sharpest eye might pass them by in the winter brown of the undergrowth. The one touch of colour I noticed was given by a hut of bright green canvas which had obviously been built to match the luxuriant summer foliage.

The guns are concealed with even greater cunning. The wind was cruel, driving before it a few flakes of frozen snow, when we set out in quest of a battery on a certain shell-torn plateau. We struggled on as best we could across the rough waste ground, threading our way through the countless pits opened in the stony soil by German shells. Then when we had scrambled over a deep-cut communication trench, the Staff Officer who was guiding us suddenly admitted that he was at a loss.

'I have been to this battery three times,' he said, 'and each time I have had a regular hunt for it. Even now I do not feel sure that we are right. If it is not over there, I do not know where it is.'

As he spoke, he pointed to some uninviting hummocks on our right, sparsely covered with snow. There was nothing about them to suggest that they differed in any way from other mounds that we had climbed over or skirted round, but hoping for the best we pushed on towards them with the wind beating in our faces. It was only when we came right up to them that we discovered that there really was something strange about them. It is not usual for a

little hill to have a front door to it, even if that front door is so cunningly made of brushwood hurdles that it can scarcely be distinguished from the tangled grass and brambles round it. Such a door should lead to the haunts of gnomes and of the little people who live underground, and one felt a certain sense of impropriety when our major tapped sharply upon it instead of pronouncing some mysterious open sesame. The door swung back promptly on its clumsy leather hinges, and there peered out of the opening in the side of the mound a face so bristling with hair that, but for the *képi*, it might have belonged to some treasure-guarding gnome.

Bending low the major plunged underground and we followed him, stumbling down a flight of clumsy steps to find ourselves in a gun emplacement surrounded by half a dozen reservists, all equally cheerful and all equally deserving of their pet name of 'poilu.' The burrow was lighted by a gap into the upper world some eight feet long by three feet broad. Through this gap the workmanlike muzzle of an evil-looking field gun was contemplating the melancholy prospect: in the foreground a few yards of rising ground, then the bare top-branches of a tree showing over the crest of the hill, and beyond nothing but grey wind-driven snow-clouds. Rarely or never has the modern artilleryman the satisfaction of seeing his target.

They were by no means uncomfortable quarters, sheltered and warm on that bleak wind-swept plateau. The gun was buried some six feet below the surface, and the earth above it was propped up by a network of beams and planks. Still more cosy were the sleeping quarters some twelve feet lower. To reach them one plunged down a narrow dark hole and, after knocking one's head against the beams of the roof more or less violently in the darkness, clambered down a ten-foot ladder. The whole descent recalled Alice's plunge into the White Rabbit's burrow which led to Wonderland. At the foot of the ladder there was a subterranean passage which turned sharply to the left into a little cave where there was room for a dozen men to curl themselves up in the straw. The stuffiness of the atmosphere was distinctly pleasant after the bitter cold of the air outside, and two men awakened by our sudden apparition grunted out a sleepy welcome. The largest shell might have burst in the ground immediately above their heads without waking them so effectually.

The other guns of the battery were similarly concealed and defied detection from any quarter. The German air-scouts had hunted for them again and again, but never had the keenest-eyed observer succeeded in locating their position.

To the Parisian the German aeroplane has become a comparatively familiar object. There is something more aggravating than alarming in the appearance of the mosquito-like craft sailing serenely over the city with the evening sun painting colours on its wings. It seems in another world, and even the crashing detonations of the bombs which it drops into neighbouring streets fail to bring home its relation to the crowd of upturned faces in the Boulevard below.

We passed under an Aviatik when we were driving from Nancy to Lunéville, and the impression it produced was very different from that produced by a Taube over Paris. Though it was flying very high the warning black cross beneath its wings was clearly visible, and as its planes shivered a little in the varying breeze, it seemed a hawk hovering over its prey. It looked evil and merciless enough, but there in the open country there was nothing to shock the spirit of fair-play as there had been in Paris. From a hill near by there came a little sputter of musketry just as we had heard in the city streets and the Aviatik flew on, evidently thinking our party unworthy of its attention.

Later we discovered that this particular 'bird of evil' had no more common sense or idea of fair-play than the aeroplanes which killed women and children in Paris. It had dropped half a dozen purposeless bombs on Lunéville, and if it did not kill any non-combatant, that was certainly not its fault. As for its moral effect, an old lady of the town told me exactly how she felt about it at a tea-party that afternoon. 'We are so accustomed to their aeroplanes,' she said, 'that we do not trouble to look at them, and as for their bombs I assure you that they really do not startle me so much as the horrible noise that the shopkeepers make every evening when they pull down their iron shutters.'

Life in such towns as Lunéville only a few miles from the Germans is almost normal. On the eastern frontier the memories of 1870 have never been forgotten, and occupation by a brutal invader, an idea that to the English mind is almost inconceivable, is remembered as a matter of experience just as any other unpleasant event might be. The Germans had come and had been driven away never to return; this fact is quite enough for the inhabitants of Lorraine. Kindly invited to tea by the mayor of Lunéville we found ourselves in the midst of a gay gathering which differed in no way from a similar function in time of peace, except that military uniforms predominated over civilian clothes. While the tea-cups went round and, in French fashion, glasses of champagne were served, people

talked of the German inroad which was only a few weeks old in the detached fashion in which people in England might talk of atrocities in China or the Balkans. The mayor told us quite simply how he had demanded an apology for acts of unspeakable barbarity and the punishment of the guilty soldiers from a new German governor of the town. The general replied that none of his men would dare to be such brutes; the soldiers responsible belonged to another army corps and for them he could not be responsible, but while he was there he would see to it that the inhabitants of Lunéville were properly treated. The mayor, who was held as a hostage and was quite prepared to be shot out of hand, consented to accept this assurance. 'I hesitated,' he said, 'when the Boche held out his hand, but I decided to take it; for what he said was true and while he was governor here there were no atrocities.' The story was told in the same unemotional tone which the mayor's wife used when she described how her husband was taken away and shut up for days in the town-hall as a hostage, while perforce she entertained the entire German staff in her historic house where the treaty of Lunéville was signed.

Even so close behind the lines there is no scarcity of provisions or even of luxuries. At luncheon near the front such a meal was set before us as could not be surpassed in the most famous restaurants of Paris. The table was decorated with carnations that could only have come from the Riviera coast, and on the menu there figured Marennes oysters and lobsters which in some mysterious way had been brought up absolutely fresh from the sea over railway lines that were presumably strained to the utmost under the burden of providing necessities and ammunition for the Army.

We were able to convince ourselves of the admirable way in which the French soldier is fed by a surprise visit to the kitchen of a reservist regiment in a small village near the firing line. In a large barn three great fires were blazing cheerfully, and over each of them hung a number of large pots from which savoury odours were steaming. The regimental cooks, one of whom in civilian life was the chef of a well-known restaurant, invited us to taste the soup and meat which they were cooking, and to appreciate them the hunger of the trenches was not needed as a sauce. The reservists gathered round the fires in a merry group exchanging with their officers that respectful chaff which the splendid *camaraderie* of the French Army allows. The only suggestion that they could make for the improvement of their rations was that their daily allowance of wine might be increased.

They are splendid men, the reservists who saved Nancy, the town that, according to the military experts, was doomed to fall in the first few days of war. As reckless and dashing as the men of the active army when occasion demands, they possess a steadiness and power of endurance which is proof against every trial. *Pères de famille* as most of them are, they positively seem to enjoy the hardships of campaigning, and it would be difficult to find a more cheerful and healthy-looking body of men. They are not smart as Englishmen understand smartness. It is almost a point of honour with them to deserve the name of 'poilu' by eschewing the razor as religiously as a Nazarite. You may find them on a shelterless plateau in a raging blizzard busy about the trenches and the wire entanglements or, more trying still, waiting monotonously to be relieved; yet there is always a smile on their bearded faces and they have always a joke and a cheery word ready to defy the elements and the enemy.

I heard their virtues extolled on an occasion not lightly to be forgotten. We were standing in the churchyard of the little village of Ste. Geneviève, the northernmost point of the Grand Couronné. Beneath our feet ran the Moselle: on its left bank one could distinguish perpetually-bombarded Pont à Mousson, and behind it the forest of Bois le Prêtre, from which there came a continuous thunder of artillery. On the right bank rose the precipitous hill of Mousson, like the back of a huge whale, crowned with the ruins of a church where one of the batteries that bombarded Ste. Geneviève had been posted, and round its base ran the semicircle of the forest of Facq, extending to the foot of the hill on which we were standing. If only the snow-clouds had lifted, we should have seen on the horizon the great German fortress of Metz.

The steady boom of distant guns made the wrecked churchyard and the ruined village round it seem even more silent and desolate; the deep voice of the colonel who told us the heroic story and the wailing of the wind blended with the far-away clamour of war. Despite that clamour the country-side seemed very quiet and peaceful under its mantle of snow, and it was hard to imagine the inferno of fire and steel that it had been a few months before. Ste. Geneviève had been exposed to a cross-fire and there is little of it left. The houses are all fire-gutted and in ruins. Through a great breach in the church wall one can see a wild confusion of tangled beams and masonry, and above it a crucifix, the one thing that remains intact. Was it the eye of fancy that discerned a look of wonder at the surrounding ruin on the Saviour's patient face?

Grave-stones had been uprooted and shattered by German shell, and an old yew tree which had braved time and storm for centuries had in a second been rent asunder.

The colonel was one of those splendid French soldiers to whom war is as the very breath of their nostrils, and as he stood up erect against the wind he took a positive pleasure in battling with the elements. '*J'aime la guerre,*' he said, 'it is my profession. It is natural that I should love it.' He had been a major when the Germans made their onslaught on Ste. Geneviève and had earned promotion on the battle-field.

'You should have seen my men,' he said, 'at the critical moment when we were being bombarded from both sides. The German artillery on the further bank of the Moselle was taking us on the flank, and in front their heavy guns were pounding away at us from the vantage point of the hill of Mousson where they were posted just behind the crest. It seemed that nothing could live under that avalanche of flame. But our men stuck fast to their trenches, and we soon discovered that heavy artillery is more nerve-shaking than dangerous. We were ordered to hold our ground at any cost and that we were determined to do. We knew that Ste. Geneviève was the key to the Grand Couronné and to Nancy.

'Then the German infantry began to advance. Four or five Bavarian regiments debouched from the forest of Facq below and advanced uphill across the fields towards the line of our trenches, which ran through Loisy at the foot of Ste. Geneviève. We had only one regiment, but we had the advantage of position. They came on under a murderous fire most gallantly, and some of them even reached the barbed wire not fifty yards from our trenches, but there they broke and ran. Those of them who reached the border of the forest were simply torn to pieces by our "75's," which had at last found something within range. The next day we picked up over 2000 German dead, and to our own astonishment we found that we had only eighty casualties despite the enormous quantity of ammunition expended by the enemy. A regiment of French reservists had shown that it could hold Ste. Geneviève against any force, and to-day we should only be too happy if the Boches would try once again to reach Nancy by way of Ste. Geneviève.'

H. WARNER ALLEN.

THE OPEN ROAD.

THE roads of the sea
 Are thronged with merchantmen.
 East and West, North and South,
 They go and come again.

All precious merchandise
 They bear in their hold :
 Lest the people be starving
 In the night and cold.

Now tell me, good merchants,
 How this thing can be,
 That the white ships are thronging
 The roads of the sea ?

For there's death in the skies
 And there's death on the earth ;
 And men talked of famine
 And a frozen hearth.

Yet the ships they go crowding
 The roads of the sea ;
 They bring home their treasures
 To you and to me.

O listen, good people,—
 And hearing praise God
 That the watch-dogs are keeping
 The ships on their road.

They sit watchful and steady
 Where the North winds blow ;
 Sleepless they are keeping
 The roads the ships go.

In the day, in the hour,
They will spring—until then,
Their eyes keep the courses
Of the merchantmen.

Forget not, good people,
When ye heap the white board,
When ye draw to the hearth-fire,
To praise the Lord,

That the watch-dogs unsleeping
Keep the roads of the sea ;
Up by the Northern Lights
Where the great ships be.

KATHARINE TYNAN.

THINKING IN OPEN ORDER.

WHEN the present war broke out, one of the most astonishing things to the lay mind was the conservative adherence of the Germans to the old close order formation. News had previously filtered through to the effect that their autumn manœuvres had been conducted in the old style, and some of us went so far as to believe this to be a mere blind for the benefit of the foreigners present. We could scarcely believe that a clever and astute people, not only trained to the highest military efficiency, but also fully alive to the experience of the Boer War and other warlike operations which have taken place since 1871, could possibly cling to the old formation. Once the fact became clear, we were driven to the conclusion that only their natural pride stood in the way of their learning wisdom from nations not so military as themselves.

But this is not the true reason.

To an Englishman, who was present at the last manœuvres and remarked to a German officer that the close order formation must work out rather extravagantly in men, the reply was frank enough. 'We shouldn't get them to fight in any other way; they must feel that they are really touching one another.'

This is confirmed by Mr. Hamilton Fyfe's account of the fighting on the eastern frontier in the valleys of the Orjitz and the Omulev:

'They (the Germans) were especially harassed in the woods along the river banks. Here it was impossible for them to march shoulder to shoulder and draw confidence from contact with one another. In many instances mere handfuls of Russians were striking such terror into the German platoons and half-companies that they killed almost every man. The reason why the enemy chose the country round Praznysz as a battle-ground was because it is fairly flat and open, and suitable for solid troop formations.'

It was a German, I believe, who, in a rare moment of candour at the beginning of the war, remarked to an Englishman that we 'possessed an army of N.C.O.s,' and he went on to explain that our rank and file had a capacity for independent action and thinking for themselves at a pinch, whereas the German soldiers, if their officers were put out of action, acted as sheep without a shepherd.

If this difference be a fact, a profound truth lies at its root. It would be neither fair nor exact to say that the German soldier is lacking in physical courage; his brave advances *en masse* again and again in the face of a withering fire are signal proofs to the contrary, but he moves only as part of a huge machine, and cannot act on his own initiative. He has been observed to march with the 'goose-step' on the field of battle. Even if we discard the stories of his being forced to fight at the sword's point, or of sharpshooters being stationed in the rear to shoot him if he bolts, the fact remains that he cannot be trusted to fight in open order. The difference lies in the temperament of the individual fighter. Let us try to examine what this difference is.

Frequent punitive expeditions against hill tribes and others in India, and the war in South Africa, have taught us the advantage of fighting in open order; indeed, it was a feature in field operations at the beginning of the Volunteer movement, as contemporary illustrations in *Punch* will show. And it is almost a commonplace among soldiers that, on first taking to open order after the close cohesive drill on parade, the private feels a sense of loneliness and unprotectedness at being detached from his comrades; but once he gets over this feeling, and becomes assured that in reality he is safer at a distance from his neighbour than he would be if he were shoulder to shoulder, he enjoys a finer sense of freedom of action and of responsibility towards his regiment. He is no longer a mere brick in a wall of men, he acts in a larger sphere without losing touch with the rest, and after a while he begins to realise the greater security of the formation. If Mr. Hilaire Belloc's estimate that, during the first six months of the war, the casualties among the Germans were forty per cent. as against twenty-five per cent. among the Allies is correct, we may attribute our comparatively low percentage to a large extent to our loose formation in the field.

If it is conceded that the German soldier is unable to fight in open order, we are led to wonder whether this cohesive quality is confined to military operations alone.

When we consider the wonderful tenacity of the German mind, the minute care which leaves nothing to chance, the elaboration of endless detail in order to compass a fixed and foreshadowed end, the organised flood of secret agents which has percolated through every cranny of the world with so little effect, these spies being 'unable to see the wood on account of the trees,' we may

well question whether the physical army alone marches in close order.

Open order, when applied to the mind, may be said to mean personal adaptability and initiative based on sympathetic intelligence. It is that which enables a man to discard one course of action, when found to be undesirable or impracticable, and to adopt another with ease. It is that mental plasticity whereby a governing nation on an alien soil tolerates codes and prejudices, which sometimes it does not even understand, without losing authority. It also implies the imagination to conceive what are the probable springs of action in an enemy, and therefore to learn what that action will be. Is it not the lack of this quality, is it not the close, unpliant mind of the German, which unfits him for dealing with alien or inferior races, and certainly for even understanding their attitudes and attributes?

And just as our private soldier is more adaptable and open to new methods than his German opponent, so our national temperament is more open to new impressions and less restricted by authority. We call ourselves, and we are, a free people. Quite recently a case occurred of a German-American, who had lived all his life and made his fortune in the country of his adoption, and, with a pious desire to spend the evening of his days and die in his beloved Fatherland, he returned to reside there; but, after a short period, he found life so hedged about with iron-bound by-laws and *verbodens* that he fled disgusted back to the freer conditions in America to which he was accustomed. As a contrast to this, not long ago we had an example of an English soldier, an N.C.O. if I recollect rightly, who, finding himself isolated from civilisation in the heart of Africa, at once established himself as governor of the district, judging the people with impartiality, organising their industries, and of course looking to their defences, and, if the account of his administration be true, he governed exceedingly well. It was not his military training which enabled him to think in open order, it was the seed of organisation which lies dormant in the nature of almost every Briton. We have propagated self-government in every quarter of the globe, because we have learnt *not* to despise other peoples, and also we have never been hidebound by any system, military or otherwise. We do not acquiesce sheepishly like the Germans; on the contrary, we grumble at every system under which we live, and this makes for efficiency in the long run. If we had not been allowed to abuse the War Office in the past,

calling it the 'Circumlocution Office' and other bad names, our army would not have been so efficient as it has been proved to be. Would the German War Office have tolerated such criticism? If the spirit of criticism against a military régime ever arises among the German people, it will probably not be confined to mere verbal abuse. As Balzac says, 'There is nothing more horrible than the rebellion of a sheep.'

Fortunately for this country, we encourage open order thinking; we allow people to think for themselves in almost every branch of activity, except party politics, where close order is still the rule. Perhaps greater encouragement will some day be given to the independent member, but of this there seems little hope. But even in politics, when one party is not fighting the other party, we can think in open order. No one, for instance, doubted the final justice of granting a Constitution to the South African Republic, and the only serious opposition to the measure came from those who felt bound to say that the Government was rash and that the time had not yet come. To-day we see the wisdom of such policy, which has given time for the seed of imperial solidarity to grow and produce good fruit.

Perhaps the habit of thinking in grooves accounts for the painstaking unoriginality in so much of the mental output of Germany. There is one branch, however, where such a criticism cannot apply, and that is music. Of all the arts, perhaps, music is the most mechanical, and it is in the multiplication of details, the exact contribution of each instrument in producing a large orchestral effect, that the German mind excels, and here they seem to have escaped from the trammels of traditionalism. It seems as if the poetry of song had unsealed the mind as well as the lips. They have had this advantage. These flowers of harmony have arisen naturally from the seeds of melody contained in their folk-songs, a melody, like the poetry of Burns and Whitman, coming straight from the rich soil of farm and field. And from these simple wood-notes they have been inspired to apply their genius for elaboration, and to produce that which has moved the world to envy and admiration.

But it may be remarked that none of their great musicians were Prussians, and that no musical inspiration has come from that part of Germany which dominates the whole. It would seem that thinking in close order is a quality peculiarly Prussian, for it has been pointed out that, since Prussia laid its grasp on Germany,

the latter has been practically unproductive in works of imagination. Be that as it may, we have arrived at the conclusion that, considering her learning and commercial development, Germany has produced very few men of originality within the last fifty years, which period coincides with that of her military development.

Although it may not be easy to prove such a connection conclusively, still the characteristic lack of humour of the German may be said to spring from, or at least to be a concomitant of, the habit of mind with which we are dealing. One element of humour consists in getting outside oneself and regarding things from an external standpoint, and that is why a man of humour enjoys a joke against himself and loves to poke fun at those he esteems the most. This quality is incompatible with self-pride, and in most natures conceit and humour are mutually exclusive. And when you find the German firmly persuaded that he is a superior product of civilisation, it follows that he cannot understand why he is not popular with other nations, and the refusal of Europe to accept his 'Kultur' and submit to his 'world-empire' causes him a deep shock of surprise. Self-conceit is nearly always laughable, but it is sometimes tragic. When a boy has been taught by his parents and schoolmasters that he is superior to his fellows, nothing but blows and black eyes will relieve him of the notion, and they are not always successful.

In truth the war, instead of opening the German mind to outer impressions, has accentuated their stereotyped mode of thinking. The abuse of England, poured out in almost identical language by all their leaders, simply because she did not act according to the German preconceived idea, the imputation of treachery to her, when it is plain on the face of the public documents none existed, the complete misjudgment of the state, temper, and politics of England at the beginning of the war, only show the absurd and stupid mistakes a nation makes when it thinks in close order. Appearances may have supported it, but that England was effete and too immersed in money-getting or too lazy to offer any resistance to Germany's plans, that India would revolt and the Colonies split away from the mother country, was a view somewhat superficial. But it jumped with home opinion, and it looked true, so the highly-paid spy did not trouble to dig deeper. 'Go up to Ramoth Gilead and prosper, for the Lord shall deliver it into the king's hand'; that is, after he has settled with France and Russia. Since they

regarded treaties as 'scraps of paper,' the possibility of anyone else regarding them as otherwise appeared to be beyond calculation. They never dreamed that, the moment the Motherland was threatened with a great danger and became engaged in a conflict in which a principle of right and also her own self-preservation were involved, India and the Colonies would immediately spring to her aid. They could not see that even if the Colonies were guided by the most selfish motives, and not by patriotism, they could not afford to see the old country broken and to lose her maritime protection. There arose no Balaam among the German prophets. And just because it happened to be the official view that international treaties must give way to military necessity, the Germans endorsed it *en masse* without a word of protest or criticism from their leaders of thought. All this has come about through the habit of thinking in crowds. They have been thinking collectively so long about 'Der Tag' that they cannot think of it otherwise than as a day of victory, and so much about victory that nothing but news of it must reach their hungry compatriots at home. They are still so obsessed with the superiority of German civilisation that they are firmly convinced that their dream of world-empire would be a blessing to the human race. And to lead them into this land of promise they possess an adorable figure, a man of great descent, handsome, clever, and versatile—a veritable Prince Charming, whose personality has fascinated all who have become acquainted with him. Dr. Sven Hedin, the Swedish explorer, has told us that at a recent luncheon at headquarters he was so enthralled by the Kaiser's brilliancy that he 'forgot to eat anything, and had to order a plate of sandwiches on reaching his hotel.' The glitter of this man of all the talents, with his overmastering belief in his mission, might well deceive his people into a superstitious belief in his success; such a figure-head might well become the centre of collective ambition, and be a strong factor in inducing them to substitute patriotism for religion and militarism for morals.

We are apt just now to blame the Kaiser personally for the atrocities committed by the German army in Belgium and France, but he is only responsible in so far that he has made no effort to discourage acts which were the logical result of the collective military training and habits of thought of his people. The point of view is well expressed in 'Friedens- und Kriegsmoral der Heere,' which Mr. William James quotes in his 'Varieties of Religious Experiences,' where the following frank statement appears:

'If the soldier is to be good for anything as a soldier, he must be exactly the opposite of a reasoning and thinking man. War, and even peace (*sic*), require of the soldier absolutely peculiar standards of morality. The recruit brings with him common moral notions, of which he must seek immediately to get rid. For him victory, success, must be everything. The most barbaric tendencies in man come to life again in war, and for war's uses they are incommensurably good.'

Whereupon Mr. James justly remarks :

'When we gravely ask ourselves whether this wholesale organisation of irrationality and crime be our only bulwark against effeminacy, we stand aghast at the thought, and think more kindly of ascetic religion.'

How far the German soldier has been 'exactly the opposite of a reasoning and thinking man' his exploits in towns and in the open field will testify. The nation in its drunkenness has set out to paint Europe red, and is making a night of it; but 'after the shrimps, the bill'; after the orgy comes the headache in the morning, and when the light of truth breaks in upon a hungry peace and shows to the reveller the havoc of the night, it is possible we may keep a grain of pity for the deluded people who took no heed of what other nations thought, stifled independent criticism, and carefully arranged their thinking in close order. But not till after the handcuffs are on. It may be that they will readopt 'common moral notions.' Possibly they may come to realise that cleverness and thoroughness are not incompatible with sheer stupidity. And perhaps some of them may remember the words of the man whose works they profess to understand better than the English :

'Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie,
Which we ascribe to heaven : the fated sky
Gives us free scope, only doth backward pull
Our slow designs when we ourselves are dull.'

All's Well that Ends Well.

GILBERT COLERIDGE.

STRASBOURG.

AN EPISODE OF THE FRANCO-GERMAN WAR.

BY PAUL AND VICTOR MARGUERITTE.

TRANSLATED BY S. G. TALLENTYRE.

CHAPTER I.

'WHAT! you don't mean to tell me,' cried M. Ansberque, late town-councillor of Strasbourg, in his loud voice, 'you don't mean to tell me, Germath, that the Prussian officers are better than ours?'

He puffed himself out, full of complacency. His well-groomed hair brushed back from a high forehead, his moustache and imperial smartly waxed and pointed, accorded well with a fashionable white waistcoat, white gaiters, and trousers of black and white check. Proud of his friendship with Baron Pron, the prefect, he himself cultivated a pompous, official manner. A retired officer, a successful man of business, and a strong Bonapartist, he warmly supported the Empire; and the war, declared three weeks earlier, filled him with pride and joy.

M. Germath, who was an Alsatian of the old stock, a liberal, and a handsome man with a fair beard, a little heavy and middle-aged in figure, replied sadly, 'Yes, the German officers are better

MM. Paul and Victor Marguerite, of whose works illustrative of the chief events in the Franco-Prussian War this story forms a part, may be said to inherit the spirit of patriotism which breathes in their writings. Their father, General Marguerite, was Commander of Cavalry at the battle of Sedan, and died of wounds received on the field, leaving a name which is a household word in France. 'Strasbourg,' which was published in Paris many years later, is a fine example of the authors' literary power, and especially of their skill, in producing by a nice selection of scenes and characters the effect at which they aim. It mirrors with felicity and in narrow compass the homely life of the old frontier province of Alsace—of which Strasbourg was the key—the falling stroke of war, and the tragic severance of the province from the body of France in 1871. Fiat Restitutio, 1915!—STANLEY J. WEYMAN.

than ours. In the first place, they are well taught, and have been getting ready for years. They have an absolute faith in their mission. They lead their men—with the cane. Discipline, rule, organisation—they bring it into everything. I know what I am talking about.'

The last words were full of suppressed bitterness. A few years earlier, before he retired from business, leaving his manufactory of figured cloth at Schiltigheim to his partner, he had consented to his daughter's marriage with an officer from Baden, Lieutenant Haffner. She was staying with her parents, with Henry, her little boy, when the thunder-cloud of war burst between the two nations. She had just time to pack her box, and she was gone. Germath's trouble was that of many of his compatriots: every family had both German and French relations.

Strasbourg, the town of learning and study, was a link between two civilisations, a bridge between the two countries for the exchange of new ideas and discoveries. People spoke in German and thought in French. Despite some religious and political dissension, all had lived on good terms in their beautiful Alsace; and now every household was divided against itself; race animosity revived; and the hideous war stifled men's consciences and deadened their souls.

M. Ansberque retorted severely and loftily, 'You are not very patriotic. I have seen the wonderful assemblage of our military forces on the slopes of the Breuil: our Turcos, our Cuirassiers, our Zouaves: all their officers full of fire and dash. I will answer for their chivalrous bravery, and I tell you that you malign them!'

M. Germath made a gesture of strong dissent: malign the army—he! Was it maligning it to have been shocked by the levity, the detestable indifference of these officers, whose uniform he respected? Could he not still see them, swaggering at the cafés joking with the hospital nurses in their coquettish dress, turning war into a party of pleasure? And then, what a depth of ignorance! A colonel had said to him with a casual air, 'Haguenau and Wissembourg are German towns, aren't they?' And the deplorable organisation of the men, hunting for their billets and not finding them, begging bread in the street! Had he not housed and fed soldiers by dozens? And when a regiment marched out, rifle on shoulder, to the music of the bugles, had he not verified its weakness in effectives and the slovenliness of its accoutrements? To see what was straight in front of one's eyes, was

that to be unpatriotic? He longed to cry all this aloud; but what was the use of quarrelling? His wife threw him a warning glance, and he kept silence.

Encouraged by Mme. Ansberque's evident exasperation, and the silent approval of the Stoumpffs (poor relations, whom the Germaths had invited out of kindness), M. Ansberque threw a triumphant glance round the table. Little Charles Germath, sitting with Noémi at the end of the room, thought that M. Ansberque's puffy red neck looked like the swollen crop of a turkey-cock, and quite expected to hear 'Gobble, gobble, gobble.'

At the moment, M. Ansberque felt himself a much better Frenchman than anybody: his chauvinism—sincere, but conceited and narrow-minded—saw, in the smallest reservation and in the mildest objection, an insult to the greatness of his country and the stability of the government. Hot-tempered and domineering, he would have liked to gag anyone who contradicted him. He felt a sour irritation against his old friend. All the little slights and grudges, all the sharp little criticisms, which creep into the most faithful friendship, came bristling up in his mind.

During the uncomfortable silence which followed, the two servants, Gretchen and Hannah, brought in the chickens, elaborately sauced and garnished, which were the triumph of Ortrude, the cook. Ever since dawn, with her face on fire and her cap askew, she had been over the saucepans, for it was the first Saturday in the month, a day on which, from time immemorial, the Ansberques, Gottus the pastor, and Wohlfart the barrister, punctually at eleven rang at the Germaths' front door bell.

This particular day they were making quite a party of it. With them friendship was a religion, and a warm welcome one of its rites; they loved to give their guests dainty dishes and rare wines. On this occasion Ortrude had surpassed herself; boiled salmon with wine sauce had preceded little *queues* of grilled pork, which ate deliciously crisply—a real delicacy. And, such is the force of habit, on this day as on other days, the guests appreciated the good things, in spite of the constraint in the air, and the rumbling thunder from the battle which, at that very hour, MacMahon was fighting near Haguenau.

There was not the smallest doubt, of course, but that he would avenge the fall and death of General Douay, the overwhelming defeat at Wissembourg when the division, insufficiently supported, was

surprised by an army corps of the Crown Prince. The news had been brought in only the day before, by weeping peasants, who implored succour for the wounded. At first no one believed them. The shock of this first reverse had greatly shaken Strasbourg; the impression of it was still fresh; it inflamed discussion to fever heat. Many saw in it a dark omen; others, merely a set-back which would soon be retrieved. They trusted in the conqueror of Magenta, the hero of the Malakoff. The Marshal, with his red and rugged face and his white hair, inspired confidence. But such a reverse had overstrained nerves and passions. At this table, where, for so many years, all the discussions had been amicable, there had now been hot dispute on two occasions. Something had snapped in the old friendship between the Germaths and the Ansberques. And so it was in every house in Strasbourg, where the advocates of war and of peace, the Protestants and the Catholics, the imperialists and the liberals, were at daggers drawn.

Gottus, the Protestant pastor, with his rough, high-coloured face and big, bulbous nose between his keen eyes, a man of courage who never minced his words, spoke out:

‘Let us beware of over-confidence. It is the great fault of us Frenchmen. I see, my dear Ansberque, you don’t know Germany.’

‘I am proud of my ignorance,’ said Ansberque.

‘In that case, how can you judge? The moral plane of our neighbours is greatly higher than our own. They are a strong and a tenacious people. It is not only on account of her *savants* and literary men that Germany leads, but because, in the humblest family, there is a national feeling based on affection for their country and on a religious ideal, which we lack. Our lazy and dissolute France, greedy for luxury and amusement, has degenerated, and I pray the God of battles not to inflict on her a fearful punishment!’

‘Sir!’ said Ansberque (usually he spoke to the pastor as ‘my dear Gottus’ or ‘my dear friend’) ‘your sentiments are not those of a Frenchman.’

‘Not French!’ cried Gottus, getting purple. ‘Come now; we cannot argue in this tone.’

Young André Germath, who had just taken his bachelor of arts degree, and who from his childhood had been considered as the future husband of Lise Ansberque, looked up at her with his fine eyes. He was painfully impressionable, and it was a real grief to him to hear such a dispute between those so long united by affection and respect. But, herself uneasy in this electric atmosphere,

Lise turned away her delicate little face and watched, through the half-closed shutters, the rays of shadow and sunshine, and the old walnut tree, whose branches were almost in the house. Usually, its masses of foliage were full of the rustle and song of birds; now, not a leaf stirred. The parched earth, the dry flowers and grass-plot smelt of heat. Instinctively André and Lise were afraid of an unforeseen something. Their love was in danger. After being so long accustomed to perfect security, that seemed extraordinary.

The old house and garden were in their eyes an oasis of peace, quiet, and happiness. They had known every nook and corner so long! How many times had they had *déjeuner*, as to-day, in that wide *salle-à-manger*, where the panelling, the pictures, the doors surmounted by tracings in faded gold, the china on the walls, the Empire chairs and tables bore witness to the family tradition—a durable and substantial comfort? Age had harmonised the different pieces of furniture, and from sharing the daily life of the inmates, with its joys and sorrows, each had become, little by little, imbued with a soul and life. So in the hearts of Lise and André an affection had grown up, so natural and so deep that it was as much a part of themselves as the air they breathed and as involuntary as a gesture. They had never spoken to each other of their love; but their smiles, their looks, the very intonation of their voices drew them to each other by the invisible bond of a strong, pure, and simple affection.

M. Wohlfart, whose stiff brushed-up hair and beard made him something like a grey hedgehog, said, in a conciliatory voice, with one of the gestures learnt in court which gave him the appearance of throwing back the fold of a toga:

‘ Obviously, such a tactician as MacMahon, whose whole plan is to surprise, inspires the greatest confidence. It seems to me, all the same, that insufficient attention has been paid to the strategic position of Strasbourg. It is the key of Alsace. That is forgotten. Why do we not occupy Kehl, as our fathers did in 1814 and 1815? We should hold the Rhine and threaten the Grand-Duchy. Is it because, in their senseless vandalism, the Badenese have blown up the bridge? Have we not pontoons on the glacis of the fortress ready for crossing the river? But do the authorities seriously consider the possibility of a blockade? We are left without a garrison. A state of siege is proclaimed, and we have a new governor, General Uhrich. But where are the troops and the cannon? Our ramparts are gardens, and the military zone is covered with houses and trees. I ask you if these are serious preparations?’

'What? you too, Wohlfart!' cried Mme. Ansberque, who had a long nose and a peremptory voice. 'Are you afraid too?'

But Ansberque interrupted. 'What a charge to the jury! What an attorney-general you would have made, if you were not one of the Ciceros of the bar! But do you really imagine that Strasbourg is threatened? Why, it is we, with our armoured gun-boats under Rear-Admiral Exelmans, who are going to bombard the fortresses of the Rhine! MacMahon at this very moment is crushing the German army. To-night we shall have illuminations. Strasbourg threatened! That is really too rich!' And, the idea seeming to him so utterly absurd and unheard of, M. Ansberque roared with laughter, in which his wife joined, and the Stoumpffs, less obtrusively.

'Why are they laughing?' said Noémi in a whisper to little Charles. She was the goddaughter of Mme. Germath, an orphan brought up at a convent school, a thin, timid little thing, whom people dismissed as a poor little frightened sparrow; but she was a pretty and pathetic little creature, for all that.

She was Charles' foster-sister, and it looked as if all the maternal attentions had been lavished on the rosy, chubby boy, to the detriment of the little girl. He protected her with a grand air, and ordered her about in their games.

He answered, 'They are laughing because now they are going to eat that beautiful cake!' And, satisfied with the explanation, he became quite absorbed in the sumptuous cake and the iced cream which went with it, and saw nothing of his mother's look telling him to take his elbows off the table, or of Uncle Anselme smiling at him.

Anselme, M. Germath's elder brother, and an old bachelor, had a reputation for eccentricity on account of his *naïf* plain-speaking. Except his own people, and Charles, whom he spoiled outrageously, he cared for nothing but *bric-à-brac*, his violin, and the poor. On the second floor of the house he had collected quite a museum—pictures, carved chests, little china figures, for which Charles would not have given a *sou*, but which it seemed were very valuable, and about which Uncle Anselme had an inexhaustible supply of stories. Little Charles' initiator into the most wonderful new worlds had a round face, plastered hair with a parting down the middle, and an absence of mind sometimes quite comic. He had filled the child's mind with marvellous and terrible tales; had taken him into the dim land of dreams and hobgoblins. Often,

at night, Charles, sitting bolt upright in his bed, peered trembling into the darkness : now it was a hunchbacked gnome who glided under the chest of drawers ; or a Lorelei, who had been bathing in the green Rhine and now danced in a moonbeam.

But at this moment Charles thought neither of his uncle's stories, nor of the war, nor of the blandishments of Noémi, who was tickling the palm of his hand with her fork ; he thought only of the cake and the piece he was going to get.

But what happened ? The cake was helped with a conciliatory fairness, and then the discussion recommenced more hotly than ever. This time it was M. Humblot who fanned the flames. Poor Charles cursed this masculine squabble ; the women were pretty calm ; Mme. Gottus, a virtuous creature, as mild as a sheep—she had the sheep's long jaw—looked down at her plate ; Cousin Stoumpff looked all round as if she were trying to take in everyone at once ; stout Mme. Humblot wheezed asthmatically ; while Mme. Germath had plenty to do to keep an eye on the servants, and at the same time to follow the conversation and exchange glances with her husband.

M. Humblot, a retired government official, and a perfectly peaceable person, in spite of formidable moustaches, cried, with much animation, ' But I assure you the Grand-Duchy is a desert ! The factories are not working, the peasants have emigrated, the Badenese troops have evacuated the frontier, so great is the terror we inspire ! To talk of anything but victory at such a moment is treason. You should bless a war which will make France greater still.'

M. Gottus said roughly, ' No one should bless war !'

' No !' cried Germath, ' war is impious and a crime ! It is an abomination ! I signed the petition to the Emperor against it. Bless it ? But how can *you* say such a thing, Humblot, who have never shouldered a gun even to kill a rabbit ? You don't know what that fearful word represents ; crops blazing, villages sacked, summary executions, retail murder, and wholesale butchery ! Think of a field of battle and the grief of mothers !'

' It is not the time to discuss war,' put in Ansberque. ' The wine is poured out and we must drink it !'

' Yes, you have poured it out yourselves,' answered Germath with a sort of despair, ' and you will find it is not wine, but blood. It is you who have unloosed a great flood of wretchedness. Don't be so proud of it !'

Stoumpff, who had an insinuating face like a weasel, cried

affectedly, 'But, cousin, you know quite well that William insulted Benedetti.'¹

'I had not heard it,' said Germath, 'and I am not bound to believe you.'

'Are we come to that?' cried Ansberque. 'Are we to offer our cheek to the blow, and let these people insult us by every means in their power?'

'We are indeed simple to fall into their trap,' replied Germath. 'Are you children? You old Strasbourgers, don't you see that Alsace is the stake in this senseless war? don't you see that we shall pay the ransom? It is nothing to you, I suppose, that we shall be made Prussians by force of conquest!'

There was instantly an uproar and fierce contradictions and denials.

'Silence!' cried Ansberque. 'Be quiet!' added Humblot. And the shrill voices of their wives and Stoumpff protested, 'Never!' 'Prussians! The very idea of it!' 'No one has any business to say such things!'

But Germath, now quite beside himself, raised his voice. 'Oh! no one must say such things? The truth burns your ears? Well, you will hear it. Even now, what has become of your illusions? You said Prussia would stand alone; and all Germany has risen. You said, "We shall have allies." Where are they? Show them to me. At Munich, at Stuttgart, the universities and seminaries were emptied in a second; thousands of students offered themselves as volunteers. It was a national movement—irresistible. You know as well as I do that Prussia covets Strasbourg, Metz, and the dismemberment of France. You have received, and receive every day, as I do, letters from Germany which leave no room for doubt.

'I don't,' corrected Ansberque, who had only lived in Alsace for twenty years, 'I only know French people, thank God!'

'But Alsatians who have been here for a generation—you, Pastor, and you, Humblot, and you, Stoumpff—you know that what I say is true. People write to us, "We will sacrifice everything to put an end to the perpetual menace of the French. We will all fight, to our last thaler and our last man, to retake Alsace and Lorraine and so cover our frontiers." My daughter Edel, a Frenchwoman at heart, has assured me of the strength of these feelings among her new relatives—among all of them, that is, whom she knows. They already consider Strasbourg as reunited "to the

¹ Benedetti was the French Ambassador at Berlin. The Germans believed that he had insulted the King of Prussia: the French, that the King had insulted him. This was called the Ems incident, the subject of Bismarck's forged telegram.

great common Fatherland." The very children—why, only yesterday my grandson Henry wrote to Charles, "*Au revoir*, little uncle, we shall soon see each other. We are coming to Strasbourg with our soldiers, and we shall have lots of fun together, for you will be a German like me." And you bless a war which engenders such monstrosities !'

'Everything you say,' Ansberque shouted frantically, 'proves there is something rotten in Alsace. Contact with the frontier has corrupted the best of us. This is the result of compromises, of alliances, of friendship—the weakening of character and the degradation of the heart. Don't you know that all this is summed up in a single word ? A word that is no French word—Fear. You are afraid—afraid to fight !'

'Ansberque, you are my guest and my oldest friend,' said Germath in a shaking voice, 'you have no right to say such things to me.'

'Yes, I have a right ! I have a right ! Your feelings are unworthy of a loyal Strasbourger !'

'Ansberque !'

'A man who mistrusts his country wounds me in my most sacred feelings, and anybody who believes her enemies to be stronger than France insults me. Your punishment will be the victory of our armies and the triumph of the Empire ! Do not call me your friend ; that is all over ; and your guest I shall never be again.'

He rose, throwing down his table-napkin. Germath rose also. In the confusion chairs were knocked over ; and the women cried out. Were they coming to blows ?

Pastor Gottus intervened. 'My friends, for God's sake, and in the name of the very patriotism which excites you, forget this misunderstanding ! Ansberque, Germath, shake hands.'

But Ansberque declined to hear anything. 'Good-bye ! Come, wife ; come, Lise.'

André, standing up, took a step forward : he had been lame from childhood and felt his infirmity cruelly. Ansberque's pride disgusted him ; and the idea of losing Lise completely overcame him. White as death he stammered, 'Lise, don't go ! Lise, don't be angry !'

But Lise was distracted and seemed not to hear ; her mother led her away. Ansberque followed, Wohlfart and Gottus vainly trying to stop him. Humblot and the Stoumpffs went after him, determined, they said, to make him come back.

Dazed by the scene, Charles had forgotten all about his helping of cake; Noémi was frightened and nearly crying. Mme. Germath leant against her husband's shoulder with gentle firmness, and Uncle Anselme regarded him affectionately. Germath looked at Wohlfart and then at Gottus.

The pastor held out both his hands with an impulsive gesture saying, 'My old friend!'

And added,

'Forgive them! They know not what they do!'

CHAPTER II.

THE battle went on ceaselessly, and the dull thunder of it was heard by fits and starts. Strasbourg—full of the curious, of journalists, of the relatives and friends of officers—waited anxiously. Some of the inhabitants, who had been a couple of miles nearer the front, came back with cheerful faces; they declared that MacMahon's surprise had succeeded; that the Germans, enticed into the forest of Haguenau, were being attacked on the flank by Faily, who had come down from Bitché. A few men sent out to reconnoitre returned; the rumble of the cannon seemed further off, on the Wissembourg side. A rumour of victory ran through the town: the Crown Prince was killed, and his army prisoners!

'God grant it!' thought Germath. His uneasiness had driven him out of doors. Accompanied by Wohlfart, he noted all the emotions of the city; many faces were familiar to him, and he could read on them the reflection of his own feelings. Heavy-hearted, he walked in silence. Only a victory could stem the bitterness which overflowed his soul. Under a calm exterior, great kindness was united to his good sense, and he was a man of warm and faithful affections and much rooted in his habits. His rupture with Ansberque was a terrible grief to him. It throbbed in him like a raging toothache, and burnt like a scald.

He felt ill in mind and body. Such an old friend! In vain he told himself that Ansberque was surly, excitable; had often slighted and misunderstood him; and that, all through their attachment, he, Germath, had given much more than he had received. But this, far from consoling him, added the bitterness of injustice to his wrongs. How was it possible such things could have happened—to insult him at his own table, setting at naught the kindly

sacrament of bread and salt ; leaving in a manner so outrageous and with such display of brutality !

He could never forgive Ansberque ! He hated him for his blindness and hardness ; then, suddenly, saw him repentant, with tears in his eyes and his hand held out, as in the good old times after some heated discussion. But now, the irreparableness of the breach had made itself felt in their bitter words, in the very bang of the door.

It was all over ! And he had need to reason with himself, for his pride could not kill so old an affection, and the more he rebelled against such a ridiculous end to a twenty years' attachment, the more his heart bled at the laceration.

But in its very suddenness there had been all the agitation of a catastrophe, and the subsequent feeling of unreality. It must be a dream ! Ansberque no more come to *déjeuner* on the Saturday ! no more unfold his napkin and, tucking a corner into his waistcoat, say with his usual air of importance, ' Now let us see what Ortrude is going to give us to-day,' and be as pleased as a boy—an old boy—if Mme. Germath replied, ' There are sheep's tongues to-day, with your favourite *purée* of vegetables,' or ' There are rissoles à l'*Alsace*.' And then he would say, ' Yours is absolutely the only house where things are really well done ! Never at home do I eat such delicacies ! ' and his wife would smile sourly. No, it was impossible !

Could Ansberque, who seemed no less attached to these old customs than Germath, have broken through them of deliberate intention ? Could political passions so blind honest men ? Had there been anything else at work—influence, calumny ? Could it be that Mme. Ansberque, vain to excess, had been offended by their frankness, especially by Mme. Germath's—women often hid their differences under smiles ? Or was it the influence of the prefect—a man at once boastful and an intriguer ? Certainly, yesterday's storm had been long brewing.

At an age when friendship should be firmest, founded on the past and proved by experience, it was doubly sad to see differences which could never be healed, hearts growing cold, and words growing bitter.

Then, too—Germath did not confess it to himself, but it deeply wounded him—there was the consciousness that he could never bring back or replace what was lost ; in his life there would for ever remain a blank—a black void where a living affection had

been torn up by the roots. If Ansberque did not suffer because of this, so much the better for him. It caused Germath torture.

All this put the finishing stroke to the forebodings and paternal anxiety which for many weeks had half-broken his heart ; for the idea that Ludwig Haffner—no bad fellow—made by fate their enemy, might have crossed swords in battle with André but for the poor boy's lameness which prevented him from serving : and the idea that Edel could not pray either for her new country or her old, since the triumph of one meant the ruin of the other—all this made him most miserable. Yet he could not, conscientiously, regret his daughter's marriage, for she was happy, beloved and rich, and most fortunate in her new father and mother ; for, it must be admitted, the Haffners were excellent people : Germath perfectly remembered their warm welcome and their cheerful faces.

Reason and conscience rebelled against the idea, that he must bid himself hate to-day what yesterday he had warmly liked.

Suddenly—the thought of his daughter reminding him of his son—a new complication presented itself : the prospects of marriage between André and Lise grew dark. But supposing they loved each other ? As children they had been called the little husband and wife. Then they, alas, must suffer through Ansberque's fault ? Unjustly, and most innocent, they were to be sacrificed. As he loved them both tenderly, the idea was horrible to him. No, it was too senseless. And the impending storm, the tornado which would mow down men, trees, houses, in a hail of shell and shot weighed on him, overwhelmed him with a sense of tragedy to come. God only grant that MacMahon won the day !

His mind was always coming back to this ; ended in this, as in the heart of a dark labyrinth.

'It is too much for me !' he said at last to Wohlfart, who walked in silence at his side. 'I am racked with anxiety.'

He looked down the narrow street where they were walking, which led to the outskirts and the Porte de Pierres. Not a foot-path, a bridge, or a byway but was familiar to him. The beautiful evening sunshine, hot with August splendour, bathed the wooden houses ; the public buildings of red sandstone, with their blackened cornices ; the old dwellings, supported by brown timbers, with overhanging storeys, great roofs with dormer-windows and elaborate gable-ends : while the greenish waters of the canals formed

by the arms of the Ill glimmered, and shafts of light pierced the trees in the ancient gardens.

Strasbourg, with its belt of ramparts constructed by Vauban, with its bastions, its posterns, its gates, some of which, with their fortifications, still kept the dark ruggedness of the middle ages : Strasbourg, with its pentagonal citadel and its vast arsenal : Strasbourg, with its cathedral, its churches, its museums, its squares, its seventeenth- and eighteenth-century hotels, its paved streets, its mills, the charm of its old walls and the gentle flow of its waters ; with its old-time memories and the stir of its new streets ; with the wealth and glory of the past, and the grave simplicity of the present : Strasbourg—stirred from its usual quiet—seemed to-day a city on holiday ; a hive, ready to swarm, under a smiling sky.

On a wave of emotion the words of an old song rose to Germath's lips and heart :

‘ O Strasbourg,
Toi, ville admirable ! ’

His thoughts travelled beyond the gates to the green meadows, the broad avenues and lawns, the country walks of Contades and Robertsau, the excursion to Kehl, the oysters and beer of the Hôtel du Saumon. He saw the wide valley, the country-side dotted with villages, rich with harvest and hop-gardens, the winding Rhine, and, in the distance, the Black Forest, the Alps, and the Vosges : here, Germany ; there, Switzerland ; and, under his feet, the soil of France, whose threshold Strasbourg defended.

Some martins were flying over the houses. Children, chubby and dirty, ran about laughing. A waggon laden with hay scented the air. It seemed good to be alive, to breathe, to see, to feel, to hear, to enjoy through all one's pores the warmth and sunshine : and one must needs think of a massacre—a nightmare !

As they passed a red house, Kermer's *brasserie*, a child's little hand tapped on the window, and Wohlfart said, ‘ Why, it is Charles and Noémi ! ’

They were there with Uncle Anselme, seated at the heavy wooden table ; there was an enormous tankard before the uncle, and a little one from which Charles and Noémi drank in turns the frothy contents. Charles thought this afternoon entertainment perfectly delightful. He had implored his uncle not to take back Noémi yet to the convent, saying how good it was for her to have a nice walk. Both children were very lively, laughing at nothing.

Anselme Germath, through the smoke of his pipe, listened to their babble and blinked his great absent eyes. All round him people were arguing and wrangling ; good townspeople exciting themselves for or against the government ; everywhere, whether in the streets or the *brasseries*, the same French-versus-German disputes were to be heard. The fat and smiling waitress Suzel, with her dimpled neck and her stout white arms, made her way briskly through the uproar ; and Anselme, whom politics bored, was much more interested in Charles' little turned-up nose and Noémi's bright eyes. Wohlfart soon found a seat, joined in the general conversation, and obtained a hearing, for he spoke well and his position commanded respect.

An officer of the garrison was explaining the tactics of the Marshal : they consisted in trapping the enemy on a selected spot and then—shutting the trap-door. The check at Wissembourg itself proved the wisdom of the plan. Douay, bidden to decoy the enemy by slowly falling back, had committed an error by engaging him in an unequal contest. But, none the less, Germath recalled the light-hearted departure of MacMahon, leaving Strasbourg after his *déjeuner*, exactly as if his lieutenant were not at that very moment waging battle and losing it.

'Gentlemen,' said the officer, raising his glass enthusiastically, 'to victory and the old lion of Magenta !'

At that moment a rumour ran through the street ; the people in the *brasserie*, excited or anxious, rushed to the windows ; standing at the door was fat Suzel, waving her arms. At first confused, then clearer, a sinister report flew from mouth to mouth ; men with white faces crowded round a messenger on horseback who shouted, 'Treachery ! The army is in flight ! The Prussians are coming !'

Where the news came from, no one could tell. But it spread, and struck home, with a terrifying rapidity. The outskirts of the city became crowded with people ; all Strasbourg rushed to its doors. Germath and Anselme, full of anxiety, questioned the passers-by ; Charles and Noémi, leaning against each other, enjoyed their fright, which was an amusement. What could the Prussians do to them ? They had often seen companies of Badenese marching, and had been amused to watch their mechanical tread, as stiff as wooden soldiers.

But a cab passed at a gallop, going to the staff-quarters ; there was but just time to recognise the commanding officer of the town

and the colonel of the Fiévet Engineers. They had swept the horizon with their field-glasses from the height of the ramparts near the Porte de Pierres ; and had instantly come down again. What could they have seen ? Women with terrified faces clung with both hands to their husbands. The ugly rumours were confirmed : MacMahon was beaten and the Prussians were at the walls. There, below, a detachment of fugitives were coming down from Haguenau ; then followed cries of ' To the station, a convoy of wounded ! ' The drums beat the assembly ; the men ran, their heavy shoes clanging on the pavement.

The Germaths hurried to the station ; they reached the platform as the convoy, drawn by two engines, drew up. The wounded were lying in six open trucks ; blood had run on to the wheels ; and from this heap of suffering bodies—faces deathly pale, and feeble arms which were raised and then fell back weakly—there came groans.

The trucks were followed by long files of carriages, in which were heaped in a mass the suffering, the dying, and the dead.

A murmur ran through the crowd ; it was deeply shocked. Then women's shrill cries were heard, and a storm of curses, punctuated by the tortured moans of a linesman whose whole face was one wound. Fearful sights abounded. . . .

' Take away the children ! It is horrible ! ' said M. Germath.

But Charles and Noémi, though frightened, clung half stupefied to Uncle Anselme ; they wanted to see everything. Then stretcher-bearers arrived carrying new stretchers, dazzlingly white. The cries of the women redoubled ; they cursed Napoleon and William, and demanded their husbands and their brothers. There were those among them who wrung their hands and seemed to be demented ; others, in tears, supported limping soldiers. A heart-breaking procession formed itself in the thronged streets. . . .

In the press, Germath just touched Ansberque, who avoided looking at him. With his head high and his shoulders thrown back Ansberque went up to a lieutenant of Turcos, who was stretched on a mattress, saying, ' Anyhow, you were victorious ? '

The man answered savagely, ' If we had any generals we should not be here ! '

And an old soldier murmured in a heart-broken voice, ' They are too strong ! They have too many cannon ! '

Uncle Anselme had finally taken away the children. Germath saw Ansberque walk off as haughtily as if the battle had been

won ; but the pointed ends of his moustache quivered with the nervous trembling of his mouth.

The 'assembly' had stopped abruptly ; now another sound was heard to the ends of the town—a dismal sound, amidst the rumbling of the drums—the alarm, beaten in haste and panic.

The garrison had sprung to arms and was manning the ramparts ; the city gates were being shut and the drawbridges drawn. Strasbourg saw herself already attacked and practically without defenders : in the country the enemy's scouts had been sighted : the hopelessness or agitation in the voices of the wounded at once confessed and spread abroad a fatal certainty of defeat : of the demoralised army flying in disorder : of MacMahon wandering without his men : the Cuirassiers and all the cavalry forced to charge to save the retreat ; Strasbourg threatened ; Alsace open ; France invaded.

Wissembourg had sounded the first knell ; Froeschwiller was ringing the second. For that catastrophe, a few hours had sufficed.

Moreover, about the ramparts and before the gates, with a noise like the gathering of many waters, a pitiable mob full of lamentation was swelling the stream of fugitive soldiery who, pouring down from Haguenau, had swept away before them on the roads, like so many fragments of wreckage, hundreds of peasants carrying infants and bundles of goods. While the men without arms went into the fortress for re-equipment, behind the first mass of fugitives rushed a veritable stampede—cavalry and foot-soldier together, Zouaves climbing on the horses of Hussars, artillerymen, and dismounted Cuirassiers—the ruins of an army.

The gates were opened, and the miserable stream burst into the roads and swamped the suburbs. In the evening and the half darkness it poured in ; most of the men silent, with a haggard stare on their faces ; some wounded ; while many, ready to faint with hunger, begged feebly for a crust of bread. Others swore, 'The generals ordered the *saue qui peut* ! We have been betrayed !'

Some of these had never fired a shot.

Amid reproaches, or the silent rage and pity of the crowd, the crippled and the deserters still streamed on.

All night they continued to come in, and almost the whole of the next day, under a burning sun which showed up their lamentable condition. The state of the Cuirassiers, especially, was extraordinary. Their trousers were torn, their helmets battered and split ; a heavy stupor weighed on their faces and paralysed their limbs. They

were still coming in at a gallop on horses wounded from the withers to the crupper—very often two men on one horse. Men of the medical corps brought in ambulance waggons filled with wounded and dying.

In the afternoon there was a sound of mad shouting : it was the Turcos who came in gesticulating like epileptics, their sky-blue shirts stiff with blood and black with powder. They brandished their bayonets ; in their dark faces only the whites of their eyes and their gleaming teeth were visible. They poured in upon a square where there was a seething crowd. When it was seen that they had brought their tattered flag back with them, a thrill ran through the people, and thousands of voices cried ' Vive la France ! '

From the balcony of the head-quarters, Colonel Ducasse hung out that glorious trophy, and lifted it high in the sight of all the people, who loudly acclaimed it. Already each man thought he knew how the battle had really been fought ; imagination added to the stories, mixed truth with falsehood, and made the popular fancy run wild with all the fantastic rumours of the time.

The truth was simple and sinister.

The Imperial army, hastily mobilised, full of courage and illusions, but badly equipped and fed, had for three weeks champed at the bit in a welter of orders and counter-orders. Far from falling on the Palatinate, it had limited its initiative to the meagre success of Sarrebrück, which was the frontier custom-house ; worse still, the Uhlans, ever on the move, harassed the inactive French cavalry. The army corps of Frossard, Bazaine, Ladmirault, being scattered, did not even present a compact front to Germany, while she leisurely mobilised her army.

While Faily was reassembling the 5th corps round Bitche, Félix Douay was concentrating the 7th at Belfort, Canrobert the 6th at Châlons, and MacMahon, commanding the forces of lower Alsace, was dividing the 1st corps between Lembach, Reichshofen, and Haguenau. He committed the error of throwing Abel Douay on Wissembourg, uncovered, and five miles ahead of any reinforcements. Douay, surprised by superior numbers, had accepted battle in obedience to the letter of his instructions ; had fought without receiving an order from the Marshal or a reinforcement from Ducrot, though both were warned of the imminence of an attack. Douay being mortally wounded, Pellé continued the battle ; then, driven back from Wissembourg and Geisberg, he was compelled to beat a retreat. The battle of Wissembourg was lost.

Froeschwiller doubled and extended the reverse. The same faults and rashness, or worse.

MacMahon, at his own request, had received the command of the 1st, 5th, and 7th Army corps. When he received the news, he cried, delightedly, '*Messieurs les Prussiens*, I have you !'

What did he intend to do ? Did he know himself ? By gaining the heights of the Vosges he could have barred that passage. There, with his three army corps, he was impregnable. But to abandon Strasbourg and lower Alsace without having retaken the offensive ! . . . In his ignorance of the advance of the army of the Crown Prince he counted to meet the enemy in the positions at Froeschwiller on August 7th : on the 6th he himself was attacked. Not suspecting that the enemy was so near, he had established his 35,000 men on the heights which run from Neehwiller to Morsbronn, without strongly fortifying those of Froeschwiller, Elsasshausen and Gunstett, without occupying the village of Woerth, without covering Morsbronn.

On these low hills, covered with vines, orchards and hop-gardens, he had before him, for defence, the meadows and the line of the river Sauer. The 1st Army corps—the divisions of Ducrot, Raoul, and Lartigue—extended on the left before Froeschwiller ; in the centre facing Woerth and before Elsasshausen ; on the right towards Morsbronn. The Cuirassiers of the 2nd division of the reserve, taken from Bonnemaïn, were screened between Froeschwiller and Elsasshausen. The 7th corps were only represented by Conseil-Dumesnil's division, which was established, with the Cuirassiers of Michel's brigade, near Eberbach. From the 5th corps, awaiting orders in the passes of Bitche and Rohrbach, only Guyot de Lespart's division set out towards Philippsbourg.

The battle, beginning at dawn with a mere demonstration, soon became furious. The Germans lost ground. Ducrot attacked with the bayonet, and mowed down with grapeshot the Bavarians of the 2nd Army corps ; the 5th Prussian corps from Kirbach and the 11th from Bose broke against the slopes of Froeschwiller and Elsasshausen, retreated in disorder from Niederwald, and recrossed the river. Hartmann himself, at the command of the Crown Prince, withdrew the 2nd Bavarian corps from the struggle.

At half-past eleven the Germans had not been able to get possession of a single height ; they held Woerth, which had made no defence. MacMahon could have drawn off ; he had time. He obstinately believed himself victorious. However, our artillery fire

grew less ; the German batteries from the plateau of Gunstett decimated our troops. Lartigue attacked Gunstett unsuccessfully.

The three German Army corps, perfectly solid in their formations, returned to the charge. At one o'clock the Crown Prince arrived on the field, and threw in all his forces. The Marshal attacked Woerth, in vain. The right wing, outflanked, gave way under the onset of twelve thousand Prussians, who entered the Niederwald and carried Morsbronn. Lartigue, being nearly surrounded, summoned Michel's Cuirassiers to his help, and said to one of his colonels, 'Charge ! as at Waterloo !' With the bugles sounding, the assault rolled helter-skelter down the slopes, and dashing itself against the trunks of trees, scattering under the hail of bullets, poured into Morsbronn, across streets where every window belched fire.

Outside the village the survivors, rallying, were charged by a regiment of Prussian Hussars—and annihilated.

The right reformed but, despite the efforts of the Turcos, the 1st Chasseurs, and the Zouaves, soon crumbled away. A desperate effort in the centre only momentarily drove back the enemy.

MacMahon, seeing on the one side the Niederwald taken and on the other Elsasshausen in flames, was still resolved, with a stoical obstinacy, to hold on. But, driven into a corner at Froeschwiller, what had he to hope for ? That Guyot de Lespart's division would come up with artillery ? that Faily, as was his duty . . . ? But he had telegraphed no orders to them ; had asked for no assistance. To gain half an hour he sacrificed his reserve of artillery, which was immediately put out of action, horses overthrown, gunners killed. Bonnemains' division, four magnificent regiments of Cuirassiers, fell into the furnace, and, in vineyards and hop-fields, charged under grapeshot and cannon. After this useless sacrifice, the Turcos made one more wild dash. In vain ! The last resistance yielded ; the 1st Army corps broke up ; it was a rout.

After that, the roads were covered with undisciplined bands of dispirited soldiery. Alsace was open ; Strasbourg abandoned. And on the same day Frossard was beaten at Forbach—Lorraine was open too.

Through these two gaping rents the black stream of invasion was to sweep.

(To be continued.)

CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN CARLYLE AND BROWNING.

NEARLY thirty years ago, Robert Browning wrote as follows to Professor Charles Eliot Norton, who had applied for a copy of the letters which Thomas Carlyle had addressed to him :—

'The first of the letters was written, as you see, forty-four years ago; and the goodness and sympathy which began so long ago continued unabated to the end of the writer's life. I repaid them with just as enduring an affectionate gratitude. It was not I who ventured to make the acquaintance nor ask the correspondence of Carlyle: his love was altogether a free gift, and how much it has enriched my life, I shall hardly attempt to say—certainly not at this moment, when I write in all the haste of approaching departure from home.—I thought the most satisfactory course would be to furnish you with the original letters; not mere copies: there is virtue in every dot and stroke.'

This generous tribute to Carlyle from his old and faithful friend was very welcome, coming as it did at a time when the general public was loud in vituperation of Carlyle's character, then misrepresented, blurred, and twisted awry by Mr. Froude's extraordinary biographical and editorial blundering; and Norton at once asked Browning to put on record a brief account of his intercourse with Carlyle. To this request Browning replied: 'I cannot undertake to write any account of our beloved friend at present: I feel just as you do respecting his misunderstanders, but am hardly able to say my whole mind aright just now, from abundance rather than lack of matter.' Norton was at that time (August 1885) preparing a selection from Carlyle's letters for publication in a series of volumes, and had formed the scheme of making one of these consist exclusively of letters *to* and *from* eminent literary men—John Sterling, John Stuart Mill, Robert Browning, Leigh Hunt, and others. The owners of the various copyrights concerned readily granted their consent; but unfortunately Carlyle's letters to Mill, which were then in possession of Miss Helen Taylor, his stepdaughter, were not attainable, having been mislaid—all except a few. These letters (which have since been found) would have constituted an important part of the projected volume; and

Norton's failure to obtain them resulted in his abandoning the design of a separate volume of literary correspondence.

Before returning the letters to Browning, Norton made an accurate copy of the whole; and five of the earlier ones were published at a later date in the 'New Letters of Thomas Carlyle' (John Lane, 1904); the earliest of which bears date June 21, 1841, and the latest May 21, 1844. It is unnecessary to reprint these five here, especially as no replies to any of them seem to be extant; indeed, it is more than likely that none were ever penned; for Browning was then living in London and meeting Carlyle frequently, and would thus have an opportunity of answering them by the living voice—a way much more agreeable to him.

This correspondence, therefore, properly begins with Browning's first letter to Carlyle, which is dated Florence, May 14, 1847, a short time—some eight months—after his marriage; and following it, in order of date, there are seven of Carlyle's to Browning, and nine of his to Carlyle—seventeen letters in all.

It is a somewhat curious fact that there is little or nothing said in any of the numerous Lives of Carlyle or Browning to indicate that there was any intimacy or even friendship between the two men; and yet this correspondence proves that they were in reality the warmest and most steadfast of friends, generously encouraging and helping each other on all occasions, and holding each other in high esteem and regard to the end of their lives. A few preliminary citations from their letters will make this evident. 'You know very well,' says Browning, 'how happy and proud (for want of a better word) your friendship has made me—how happy and proud. It will always seem, as it does now, enough to have lived for.' In other letters he pressinglly invites Carlyle to come and stay with him in Italy and in Paris. Again he writes gratefully for some encouragement Carlyle had given him: 'There was a precious word in your letter about one of my own things, that went to my very heart. . . . You have written, besides the word now, many words, once on a time, the best I ever got for my pains.' And again: 'I shall always hope—for a great incentive—to write my best *directly to you*, some day.' When his modesty permitted he sent his books to Carlyle on publication, always with some graceful inscription. I find on the presentation copy of his 'La Saisiaz' (published in 1878) these words: 'To Thomas Carlyle, with the affectionate veneration of R. B.' Carlyle, on the other hand, is equally appreciative and friendly. His emphatic approval of

Browning's marriage must, in the midst of much censure from others, have been particularly gratifying to him; and his appreciation and approval of much that Browning had written would doubtless not fail to be pleasing and encouraging. In a letter to a friend of his own, Carlyle called Browning 'one of the bravest and most gifted English souls now living.' To Browning himself he wrote, after reading his Introduction to the 'Letters of Shelley': 'I liked the Essay extremely well indeed; a solid well-wrought massive manful bit of discourse.' And in his last letter to Browning he tells him that his 'is *the finest* poetic genius, finest possibility of such, we have got vouchsafed us in this generation.'

But it will be better to leave the letters to tell their own story. I would add only that there was much social intercourse between Carlyle and Browning of which there is no written record. They met for the first time at the house of their mutual friend, Leigh Hunt, probably in the year 1840. At this meeting Browning, then a young man of about twenty-eight, took little or no part in the conversation, and left in the belief that Carlyle had either not noticed him or not approved of him. But a little later, at the conclusion of one of Carlyle's public lectures, they both happened to leave the lecture-room together, and Carlyle, recognising him, hailed him cordially and invited him to call at Cheyne Row. This Browning did, and continued to do, from time to time, as long as Carlyle lived. The friendship thus begun was never interrupted; they remained on intimate and affectionate terms to the last; exchanging calls whenever possible, and meeting each other frequently at various social functions. Mrs. Browning (the poet's mother) was a Scots-woman and was very fond of hearing Carlyle's Scottish accent; he often went to her home in Camberwell, and had pleasant talks with her and her gifted son.

These letters, though few in number, are thoroughly characteristic of the writers; and as they form practically the only available record of the friendship which existed between 'the two greatest spiritual teachers of the nineteenth century,' it will readily be granted that they are well worth preserving.

The originals of Carlyle's share of the correspondence have, since the death of the poet's son, come into the market for sale as autographs. To forestall illegal publication of any or all of these, and to secure the whole collection from possible mischance, it has been thought best to publish it without loss of time, and with the minimum of necessary annotation and explanation.

LETTER I.

Robert Browning to Thomas Carlyle, Cheyne Row, Chelsea.

'Florence, May 14, '47.

'MY DEAR MR. CARLYLE,—Mr. Kenyon¹ writes to me, that, in a letter which ought to have arrived a month ago, he mentioned your kindness in keeping me in mind and wishing to hear news of me! When I read this second letter with my wife yesterday morning, we took it as the best of omens in favour of one of our greatest schemes, which had been discussed by us in its length and breadth only the evening before, and then, not for the first time. We determined that whenever I wrote to you, as I meant to do for the last six or seven months, it would be wiser to leave unsaid, unattempted to be said, my feelings of love and gratitude for the intercourse you permitted since a good many years now—but go on and tell you what an easy thing it would be for you to come to Italy—now, at this time of times, for its own sake and the world's—and let us have the happiness—the entire happiness of remembering that we got ready the Prophet's-Chamber in the wall, with bed and candlestick, according to Scripture precedent. In this country, the wheels of one's life run smoothly—a very simple calculation finds what kind of a carriage, with more or less commodious fitting up, is within your means—and once fairly started in it, you may look out of the windows or ponder the journey's end without further cares about lynch-pins or grease-money (in Germany you must know you are taxed every post for "Schmiergelt," etc.), one man finds you house and furniture for so long—another contrives you dinner—for so many—you pay what you mean or can, and there is an end of it. Then in this land of solid vast honest houses, built to last—a few rooms cost more than many—or not less—seven or five, nine or seven, it is little matter. You see all I mean, I am sure; and it would not become me to speak more. Only, if ever you are disposed to pass a winter here, we will go to any part you decide for, and be ready for you at any time. I hope it is not wholly for ourselves (for my wife and myself) that I say this—I heard you once allude to Jesuitism—to an intention you had of writing about it: and when I look over the extracts from books on that and similar subjects, as I find them in Newspapers here, I

¹ John Kenyon was a distant cousin of Elizabeth Barrett. It was by his means that she was introduced to Browning's Poetry and by and by to the poet himself. Browning called him 'Kenyon the magnificent,' for he was lavish in his hospitality, warm-hearted, and benevolent. He died in 1856, leaving handsome legacies to Browning and Mrs. Browning.

ejaculate (like I don't know what virtuosò, in some great gallery of pretentious painting), "*Raphael, ubi es?*"—

'But in Italy, or in England, I shall ever keep it my first of affectionate prides—something beyond affection and far better than pride—that you have been and are what you are to me—not a "friend," neither. I dare believe, on the whole, that there is no better nor sincerer relation than that in which you stand to me. One might fancy I did not profit as I might have done by the facilities you gave me for seeing and communicating with you in England; but I always hoped to be better qualified to profit one day. I don't apologize for writing in this way, and of these things. Here in Italy, it seems useless and foolish to put into a little note any other matter than what comes uppermost (and yet lies undermost).

'When I was about to leave England I should have been glad to talk over my intentions with you, respecting my marriage, and all the strange and involved circumstances that led to it. I did not do so, however, not from any fear of your waiving the responsibility of giving counsel, but because, in this affair which so intimately concerned me, I had been forced to ascertain and see a hundred determining points, as nobody else could see them, in the nature of things. And I was nearly as convinced then, as by all that has happened subsequently, that I had the plainest of duties to perform; and there was no use in asking for an opinion which I might know as certainly as I know anything—without giving us both much pain and many words. Through God's providence, all has gone with us better than my best hopes. My wife, in all probability, will become quite well and strong. She only feels weakness, indeed, and may be considered well, except for that. I believe—from the accounts from England, and from the nature of the place in the country to which she was to have been removed a day or two after that on which we determined to leave England—that this winter would have ended the seven years' confinement without my intervention. You will let me say that it could be nobody's true interest that this should be, with an entirely good, unselfish, affectionate creature, in whom during these eight months that I have been by her always, I have never seen an indication of anything but goodness and unselfishness. When I first knew her more than two years ago, we soon found out a common point of sympathy in her love and reverence for you—she told me how you had written to her, given her advice.¹ So that there was one way left for me to

¹ Some three years before this date, Miss Barrett had written to Carlyle the following little note:

'50 Wimpole Street, Aug. 14, 1844.

'As a stranger to Mr. Carlyle, I dare not offer him the accompanying little volumes without a few words of explanation. I do not offer them because they

love you the more. She is sitting opposite now, and answers (when I ask her, this minute, what I am to say for her), "But you *know* my feelings"! And I do know them.

'Much of what I have written will go to Mrs. Carlyle likewise—I never can dissociate you in my thoughts: if we, or *when* we go to England again, I shall try and live near you—as much nearer you as I can. Will you give my truest regards to her? I trust you are both well. You would not suffer by the cold weather I think. It is very hot here just now, but has been cold beyond example.

'I see Lely's picture of your Cromwell, in the Pitti Palace here. I make no doubt you do not want any news now about the reported *cast* of the head; but I will inquire and let you know, on the chance of your wishing it.

'Mr. Kenyon mentions a note you have given Miss Fuller—and which she will probably bring when she comes here; it is a delight to expect. Let me say, that should you want a *person* to find me, the address is *Via delle Belle Donne*, 4222—but for a *letter* the best direction is to R. B., *Poste Restante, Firenze, Toscana*, simply, as I get such a note duly when I go to the Post Office, and not when it pleases the man to call.—All my space is covered, except to reassure you

'I am ever yours,

'R. BROWNING.'

appear to me worthy of satisfying his demands for poetry; nor because I desire to win from him, as a woman, any empty compliment for verses he may consider quite unworthy. But holding his genius and his teaching in high respect, and feeling that strong need of telling him so which comes of honest admiration—and having, besides, written these poems, which are true, in as far as I can see and feel, to my own power of perception and sensibility—I do incline to hope that he may think them true enough not to disgrace the truth with which

'I am,

'One of the most grateful of his readers,

'ELIZABETH B. BARRETT.'

Carlyle's reply to the foregoing does not seem to have been preserved; but its nature is indicated by another little note from Miss Barrett, which reads as follows:

'DEAR MR. CARLYLE,—I wrote to you because I could not help it; and your letter found me repenting a temerity which might prove, as I began to fear, offensive to you and unbecoming in me. Allow me to say now, by one last word, that your kindness has touched me deeply—more deeply than I shall venture to express here. Some things, I think, I discern where you throw the light—but some things I am *sure* I feel. It is much to be able to plant among the recollections of the sunny side of my life, this remembrance of Mr. Carlyle's.' (*Not dated; and signature, with perhaps a word or two, cut away.*)

LETTER II.

Carlyle to Browning, Poste Restante, Firenze, Toscana, Italy.

* Chelsea, London, June 23, 1847.

'DEAR BROWNING,—Many thanks for your Italian Letter, which dropped in, by the Penny Post, with right good welcome, like a friendly neighbour, some week or two ago. I am right glad to hear of your welfare; yours and your fair Partner's. No marriage has taken place within my circle, these many years, in which I could so heartily rejoice. You I had known, and judged of; her, too, conclusively enough, if less directly; and certainly if ever there was a union indicated by the finger of Heaven itself, and so sanctioned and prescribed by the Eternal Laws under which poor transitory Sons of Adam live, it seemed to me, from all I could hear or know of it, to be this! Courage, therefore; follow piously the Heavenly Omens, and fear not. He that can follow these, he, in the loneliest desert, in the densest jostle and sordid whirlpool of London fog, will find his haven: "*Se tu segui tua stella!*"¹ Perpetually serene weather is not to be looked for by anybody; least of all by the like of you two,—in whom precisely as more is given, more also in the same proportion is required: but unless I altogether mistake, here is a life-partnership which, in all kinds of weather, has in it a capacity of being blessed to the Parties. May it indeed prove so. May the weather, on the whole, be moderate;—and if joy be even absent for a season, may nobleness never! That is the best I can wish. The *sun* cannot shine always; but the places of the *stars*, these ought to be known always, and these can.

'What you say of visiting Italy is infinitely tempting to one's love of travel, to what small remnants of it one still has. I was in young years the most ardent of travellers; and executed immense journeyings, and worshippings at foreign shrines; all in idea, since it could not be otherwise: neither yet has the passion quite left me; tho' a set of nerves, in the highest degree unfit for locomotion under any terms, has taught me many times "the duty of staying at home." In fact there are moments, this very season, when I do scheme out a Winter in Italy as no unsuitable practical resource for me. There is, in many ways, a kind of pause in my existence this year. Ever since I got the Cromwell lumber shaken fairly off me, I am idle; idle not for want of work, but rather in sight of a whole universe of work, which I have to despair of accomplishing, which in my sulky humour I could feel a disgust at attempting. My value for human ways of working in this time, for almost all human ways, including what they call "Literature" among the

¹ 'If thou follow thy star.' Dante, *Inferno*, xv. 55.

rest, has not risen of late ! We seem to me a people so enthralled and buried under bondage to the Hearsays and the Cants and the Grimaces, as no People ever were before. Literally so. From the top of our Metropolitan Cathedral to the sill of our lowest Cobbler's shop, it is to me, too often, like one general *somnambulism*, most strange, most miserable,—most damnable ! Surely, I say, men called "of genius,"—if genius be anything but a paltry toybox fit for Bartholomew Fair,—are commissioned, and commanded under pain of eternal death, to throw their whole "genius" however great or small it be, into the remedy ; into the hopeful or the desperate battle against this ! And they spend their time in traditionary rope-dancings, and mere *Vauxhall* gymnastics ; and talk about "Art," "High Art," and I know not what ; and show proudly their week's salary, of gold or of copper, of sweet voices and of long-eared brayings, and say comfortably, "*Anch' io !*"¹ Surely such a function, gas-light it as we may, is essentially that of a *slave*. Surely I am against all that, from the very foundations of my being ;—and the length to which it goes, and the depth and height of it, and the fruit it bears (to Irish Sanspotatoes visibly, and to nobler men less visibly but still *more* fatally) has become frightfully apparent to me. A mighty harvest indeed ; and the labourers few or none. O for a thousand sharp sickles in as many strong right hands ! And I poor devil have but one rough sickle, and a hand that will soon be weary !—And, in fact, I stand here in a *solitude* (among so many millions of my fellow-creatures) which is sometimes almost sublime, which is always altogether frightful and painful,—if one could help it well. God mend us all ! In short, I believe it would do me real good to get into some new concrete scene for a while : and if I *could* travel, Italy might be the place rather than another. Or perhaps to get into dialogue with the Craggs and Brooks again,—that might be the best ? That is the likeliest : for I am called to Scotland, where my good old Mother still is, by a kind of errand ; and elsewhere there is none precise enough. I will think farther. Italy is not quite *impossible* ; but I guess it to be too improbable. After all, the true remedy comes of itself, so soon as one is miserable *enough* : work, some farther attempt at work,—even by the pen !

'We have no news here worth spending ink upon. Miss Martineau has been to Jerusalem, and is back ; called here yesterday : brown as a berry ; full of life, loquacity, dogmatism, and various "gospels of the east-wind." Dickens writes a "*Dombey and Son*," Thackeray a "*Vanity Fair*" ; not *reapers* they, either of them ! In fact the business of the rope-dancing goes to a great

¹ '*Anch' io son pittore*' (I too, am a painter), as Correggio exclaimed when looking at the frescoes of Raphael in the Vatican.

height ; and d'Israeli's " Tancred " (readable to the end of the first volume), a kind of transcendant spiritual Houndsditch, marks an epoch in the history of this poor country.

' When do you think of coming home ? Is not Chelsea an eligible side of London ? My Wife salutes you both, with many true regards. Adieu, dear Browning, and dear Mrs. Browning.

' Yours ever truly,

' T. CARLYLE.

' Margaret Fuller is the name of the American lady : I think she has no writing of mine to your Address : but she knows you, both of you, well ; and will really prove worthy (when once you get into her dialect) of being known to you.'

LETTER III.

Browning to Carlyle, Cheyne Row, Chelsea.

' Florence, June 10, 1850.

' MY DEAR SIR,—It must be three years since a letter from you went straight to my heart. I could not trust myself to answer it at the time : and of late many changes have happened. You know very well how happy and proud (for want of a better word) your friendship has made me—how happy and proud. It will always seem, as it does now, enough to have lived for. And now, putting aside your friendship, which is too precious to be lightly appealed to—may I ask a kindness of your good nature ? A year ago, I had great pleasure in making the acquaintance of a very cultivated and interesting person—Mr. Story, an American ; and I could find no better method of repaying him, than by engaging to make him know you, should he ever go to England. He is there for a very short while, and writes to remind me of my engagement. May I venture to hope that a very loveable and talented person may not fare the worse with you on account of this recommendation from

' Dear Sir,

' Yours ever faithfully and gratefully,

' ROBERT BROWNING.'

' I shall take the occasion of offering my wife's truest respects to you, and to Mrs. Carlyle—whom she only knows thro' me, yet seems to know well. Mr. Story, I should not omit to say, has a very delightful wife. You understand that this little hurried scrap is no attempt (even) at a reply to your letter—but just meant for the specific purpose I mention. I will take heart and write ere very long.'

Following Letter III., in order of date, comes an extract in Mrs. Browning's handwriting from a letter which Carlyle had written on February 16, 1851, to a friend of his then travelling on the Continent: 'If at Florence you know the Poet Browning (one of the bravest and most gifted English souls now living) I will send my affectionate remembrances to him.' Beneath that there stands in Mr. Browning's hand: 'Written to a friend of his, who showed it to E. B. B., who characteristically would preserve what I ought to destroy. R. B., August 13, 1885.'

LETTER IV.

Browning to Carlyle, Cheyne Row, Chelsea.

'26 Devonshire Street [London].¹
[Postmark, July 28, 1851.]

'MY DEAR MR. CARLYLE,—Mr. Kenyon had promised me your presence at his house to-morrow, or you would have seen me ere this: but he brings me, this minute, the news that you go into the country the next day and cannot dine with him. What am I to do—with my five-years' hunger for the sight of you and Mrs. Carlyle?—unless you let me call to-morrow—as I do think you *will* let me. Just a word by post to say at what hour in the day I may call—or may *not*. For instance, I will venture to call at 1, *unless you write*. In any case, my whole greeting and duty to you! My wife is with me in all this, and will accompany me of course—we being ever yours

'Faithfully, she as well as
'R. BROWNING.'

LETTER V.

*Carlyle to Browning,
c/o J. Kenyon, Devonshire Place, London.*

'Dr. Gully's, Great Malvern,²
August 21, 1851.

'DEAR BROWNING,—By a letter which I had from Emerson the other day it appears that he, assisted by "E. Channing" and some other friend, is busily engaged in doing a "Life of Margaret Fuller": his letter enclosed a Note for Mazzini which I understood to contain a request for help in that matter. Of course the many

¹ The Brownings had now returned to England on a visit.

² Carlyle and his wife spent the month of August 1851, as the guests of Dr. Gully, in his then famous 'Water-cure' establishment at Great Malvern.

interesting things you had to say of poor Margaret and her Roman husband came vividly into my mind ; and I could not but feel that it would be a great pity if Emerson, who is a man of real dignity and worth, and who doubtless is striving to do his best in this affair, should by any oversight or ill chance be deprived of the lights he might get from you and Mrs. Browning in regard to the Italian part of the business. I forget what it precisely was that you said to me about having been applied to from America, or whether any refusal had already been given on your part : but my desire to help in a good enterprise one who has always been ready and eager to help me originated the notion (which I am now converting into action) of applying to you myself, in Emerson's name, without loss of time, for whatever service you can conveniently do in the matter. I apply at once, because as the book is coming out in October, there is no time to lose ; and because I wanted to report to Emerson that I *had* so applied, before going farther. If your answer be at all favourable, give me the privilege of gratifying Emerson by it as soon as may be : he will at once, of course, address a direct request to you, on the subject ; and by the time his letter reaches you, the Paper you have to send may be in a good state of forwardness,—that is, if you do not refuse to send any Paper whatsoever ; which, considering your and Mrs. Browning's sentiments and opportunities both, I think will be a pity. "Reminiscences of Margaret Fuller : " I should like well to read in that American Book a frank full Narrative of all that you and Mrs. B. can find to say under that head ; no matter how off-hand the writing, indeed it ought rather to be done in that fashion ; and the faster you can write down what is already standing painted in your mind, clear and ready on the subject, it will be the fitter for the object. Pray try what you are free to do, you and Madame, either of you or both of you ; and answer me soon, if you can, that you will put something in black-on-white which Emerson may apply for so soon as I give him notice.

'On the other hand, if (which I will not believe till I hear it) you cannot fitly do anything in this matter, then observe there is no ill yet done ; and there shall be none, for I need not even speak to Emerson about it if your answer prove unfavourable. And so enough till your answer come.

'I am now nearly three weeks deep in "Water-cure" here ; which is a strange half-ridiculous and by no means unpleasant operation : not likely to prove miraculous in my case, I apprehend ; yet it does seem to produce some benefit, and indeed the immense walks and rides I take on these bright Hill-sides and yellow Plains, with total idleness and a near approach to total silence, could hardly fail to do good, independently of tubs and towels. On Saturday

come a week we move Northward, for another glimpse of poor old Scotland and some possessions which are still left us there. I am in general profoundly saddened by the aspects of this world; and find it good to hold my tongue that I may not get enraged as well. When do you go to Paris, and what is your address there?

'Adieu, dear Browning,

'Yours ever truly,

'T. CARLYLE.'

LETTER VI.

Browning to Carlyle, Dr. Gully's, Gt. Malvern, Worcestershire.

'26 Devonshire Street,

'August 22, '51.

'MY DEAR MR. CARLYLE,—What will you say to my stupidity when I tell you that it had entirely passed out of my head, until this moment that my wife reminds me—that she has already, some three or four months ago, contributed the whole sum of both our recollections of the two Ossoli¹ to Mr. Emerson's work. We were applied to, in the first instance, last year—as I told you—by a lady—and after a rather vague fashion—at least we could not see how we could materially help such a scheme: and it was to *this* application that I referred. But just before we left Florence, our friend Mrs. Story wrote more precisely, in the interest of the Memoir now in question; and of course my wife and I gathered our memories together, or rather put them into words, subject to each other's correction, and the whole was comprised in a letter to Mrs. Story which she was made at liberty to use as might seem best. I had wholly forgotten this.

'I fear I have given you too great a notion of the amount of our intimacy with the Ossoli, and perhaps the nature of it, even. We saw but a few hours and half-hours of her—and much less of him—but they were compensating times when they came—and her own feeling to us—if words gave it aright, justified our quick love and respect for her. While I write this, I get to remember my wife's letter, and am sure that it contains *all* we know—and, indeed, most of what we guessed. I was vexed (when I thought over what you enquired about at Chelsea) that I had not remembered that a tolerably accurate likeness of the husband was made by Mr. Latilla (either in London now, or on his way to New York; I will enquire which). Would not that be of interest and value to friends?

'The first application was not refused nor disregarded by us:

¹ The 'two Ossoli' are Count d'Ossoli and his Countess (*née* Margaret Fuller)

the maker of it was at Rome, "expected to see us on her return to Florence," &c. ; and said simply that a scheme for a book was on foot. We meant, I believe, to tell her, whenever she saw us, exactly what there was to say, and then ascertain if so much would be acceptable ; but Mrs. Story's request was definite, and we were bound to attend to it directly—as we did. (Surely it must have reached Mr. Emerson by this time ? It was sent from Florence before the end of April last).

'I am happy to hear of your amended health—from whatever cause—as I was most happy to see you ; and am most happy—most proud—to see your handwriting again, when I do. My wife desires me to offer her best regards to Mrs. Carlyle and yourself, with those of

'Yours ever faithfully,
'R. B.'

LETTER VII.

Browning to Carlyle, Cheyne Row, Chelsea.

'26 Devonshire Street, Tuesday.
[September 1851.]

'DEAR MR. CARLYLE,—I find to my great vexation that I have missed you ; and I am unfortunately engaged this evening. Can I write anything that will serve ?

'We leave London on Thursday : the L. and Brighton and South Coast Railway's *Express* train (I suppose) leaves the London Bridge terminus at 10 A.M., and arrives at Newhaven by 12.10. A Steamer leaves Newhaven, *on that day* at 1.30 P.M. for Dieppe (next day an hour later—and so following). From Dieppe the trains go through Rouen to Paris at 7.15 ; 11.35 A.M. ; and at 4.30 ; and at 9.45 P.M., to arrive by 2.15 ; 4 ; and 11.5 P.M. and 5 P.M. [*sic* for A.M.]. We purpose staying all night at Dieppe, and leaving in the morning—for our child's sake.¹ At Paris we go to the *Armes de la Ville de Paris, Rue de la Michodière, Boulevard des Italiens*—a very small place that we know. What our delight would be, if by any combination you could accompany us, I shall not need, I hope, to say.² The objection to this route is the length of the sea-passage ; but the day passage is in our favour. We were, I think, some eight hours on board, *with bad weather*, and hope better things now. This route is the cheapest, however,

¹ Their son Robert Wiedemann Barrett (familiarily called 'Pen'), born March 9, 1849.

² Carlyle did accompany the Brownings to Paris on this occasion.

M 70 U

and having return tickets we can hardly change our plans. I write in utmost haste—can I do anything—beyond earnestly wishing?

‘With truest regards to Mrs. Carlyle,

‘Pray believe me, as ever,

‘Yours faithfully,

‘R. BROWNING.’

LETTER VIII.

Carlyle to Browning, Aux Armes de la Ville de Paris, Rue de la Michodière, Boulevard des Italiens, à Paris.

‘Chelsea, October 10, 1851.

‘DEAR BROWNING,—As you do not write, I think I will venture a small missive to the *Paris Armes*, which will probably find you somewhere in the neighbourhood, tho’ doubtless you have now quitted that address.

‘I got home¹ duly on the appointed morrow after seeing you, —midnight gone a week;—after one of the horriblest days of travel comparable to one of Jonah’s days in the Whale’s belly; safe, but worn out into the uttermost pitch of weariness, disgust and almost despair. Since that time I have done little *else* but sleep: whole cataracts of sleep but very *unambrosial* sleep; not for seven years have I slept as much within a similar space. Piccadilly and the Glass-Palace regions are still roaring with mad noise;² but here, thank Heaven, is a forgotten corner, where the wearied soul can cover itself as under a Diogenes’ tub, and contemplate with what of cynic piety is left the tumultuous delirium of the world! Really it seems to me of late as if Bedlam, in sad truth, had universally broken loose; and in this big glass soapbubble, and in other phenomena in every quarter, were dancing its *Saturnalia* to a very high tune indeed. Let us be patient; let us try to hold our peace, and be patient!—I have seen nobody here, I rather avoid to see anybody, and will prefer to lie silent and annihilated for certain weeks.

‘Mazzini can at once afford you and Mrs. Browning, without any difficulty, the required introduction to Madame Dudevant; only he says this sublime Highpriestess of Anarchy is seldom now in Paris, only when there is some Play coming out or the like: so you will require to be on the outlook for her advent, if you do not like to run out some time by railway (if there is a rail), and see her among her rustic neighbours,—within sound of the “Church Bell” she has lately *christened*, at her Curé’s request. After all,

¹ From the tour to Paris.

² This was the year of the Crystal Palace in Hyde Park.

I participate in your liking for the melody that runs through that strange "beautiful incontinent" soul,—a *Modern Magdalen*, with the "seven devils" mostly still in her! At any rate, the introduction is most ready, the instant you write to me for it.

'A certain *John Chapman*, Publisher of Liberalisms, "Extinct Socinianisms," and notable ware of that kind, in the Strand, has just been here: really a meritorious, productive kind of man, did he well know his road in these times. It appears he has just effected a purchase of the "*Westminster Review*" (Friend Lombe's) and has taken Lombe along with him, and other men of cash; his intense purpose now is, To bring out a Review, Liberal in all senses, that shall charm the world. He has capital "for four years' trial," he says; an able Editor (name can't be given), and such an array of "talent" as was seldom gathered before. Poor soul, I really wished him well in his enterprise, and regretted I could not help him myself, being clear for silence at present. Since his departure, I have bethought me of you! There you are in Paris, there you were in Florence, with fiery interest in all manner of things, with whole Libraries to write and say on this and the other thing! The man means to pay, handsomely; is indeed an *honest* kind of man, with a real enthusiasm (tho' a soft and slobbery) in him, which can be predicated of very few. Think of it, whether there are not many things you could send him from Paris, and so get rid of them? If you gave me signal, I would at once set Chapman on applying to you;—only I fear you won't! In which case there is nothing said, nor shall be. Adieu, dear Browning; commend me to the gentle excellent Lady, and remember me now and then.

'Yours ever,

'T. CARLYLE.'

LETTER IX.

Browning to Carlyle, Cheyne Row, Chelsea.

'Paris, Avenue des Champs Elysées, 138,

[October 1851.]

'MY DEAR MR. CARLYLE,—Certainly I enjoy and am grateful for any letter of yours, after an original fashion: I seem to think that when once *I* write, *you* will begin to perceive how little you have got by writing—so I keep silence, like the man spoken to by mistake and over simply in the dark—that is the good policy. This time, however, I have waited till the trouble of getting lodgings was well over—as it now is, fortunately. We have found pretty much what we looked for—a place somewhat more out of the way than was desirable—but sunny, cheerful, airy and quiet. I observe

you say nothing about returning in the Spring; but when that horrible "Eleven hours" have done their worst and been forgotten, won't you reconsider the matter? And if Mrs. Carlyle will so far trust me, and tell me point by point what you both require, it shall go hard but I content you in some sort. Do "try the luck of the third adventure"—as Falstaff did—an ominous co-incidence!¹ As it is, we here have had all the good fortune, in your journey with us, and visits to us; the weather is admirable—what I should fancy you would pronounce the perfection of fresh warm clearness; and we get all that to ourselves too! Well—for Mazzini, I and my wife thank him very heartily: such a letter as you promise, will oblige us greatly, and I shall no doubt be able to find out, from people here, the best way of bringing it to bear with effect on the great person.² We heard quantities about her the other night—from what may possibly be an authentic source—how she has grown visibly aged of a sudden (like Mephistopheles at the Brocken when he says he finds people ripe for the last day), and is getting more resigned to it than she had expected, seeing that with youth go "a Hell of passions"—(which is all she knows about it). Meanwhile, the next best thing to youth, and the Hell and so on, is found to be strenuous play-writing. She writes in the country and her friends rehearse, test effects, prophesy of hits or misses of the Paris auditory; whereat she takes heart and writes again, points this, blunts that: one might as well or better, try and make articles for Chapman's Review, certainly! I saw him in London by his desire, and he told me all about it;—how he had got in some measure rid of his *Lombago*, under which he must have been stiffened past even writhing. I conceive your kindness in pointing out a way to him, had I wanted it. I have just done the little thing I told you of—a mere Preface to some new letters of Shelley; not admitting of much workmanship of any kind, if I had it to give. But I have put down a few thoughts that presented themselves—one or two, in respect of opinions of your own (I mean, that I was thinking of those opinions while I wrote). However it be done, it is what I was "up to," just now, and will soon be off my mind. I shall always hope—for a great incentive—to write my best *directly* to you some day. Will you remember me as kindly as you can to Mrs. Carlyle—whom, rather than any other woman in the world, I have always wished my wife to know—as she could tell you.³

¹ Carlyle had already paid two visits to Paris. The reference to Falstaff will be found in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act. v. Sc. 1, where he says: 'I'll hold. This is the third time; I hope good luck lies in odd numbers.'

² Madame Dudevant, mentioned in the preceding letter.

³ There is extant a little note by Browning to Mrs. Carlyle, which may as well be printed here, though it is probably of a rather earlier date than this letter. It

She is grateful for your good words, and now can understand how I am, dear Mr. Carlyle,

'Yours very faithfully,

'R. BROWNING.'

LETTER X.

*Carlyle to Browning, Avenue des Champs Elysées, No. 138,
à Paris.*

'Chelsea, October 28, 1851.

'DEAR BROWNING,—Here is the Mazzini Letter, not achieved till last night, the Triumvir being busy with Kossuth and other chaotic objects. I observe he has given Mrs. Browning the *pas*; which, apart from "*place aux dames*" in general, is perhaps very suitable in such an Introduction. May it bring a little pleasure to both of you one day! Mazzini thinks a run out by railway, some day, to the place of Address might be a welcome method. You will see better by inquiry where you are.

'I believe I recollect your *Avenue*: spacious smooth road, mounting gently towards the *Arc de l'Etoile*; turns in front of the houses;—an altogether eligible place. If you will tell me whether you look to the South or the North (towards the River or away from it), I shall, on this hypothesis of mine, be well able to conceive your whereabouts, for I was there twice in my late travels. There is nothing mooted here of journeys to Paris or elsewhere; we have a feeling as of Greenland ships *frozen in* during this still season, and are very thankful for it (at least I am) after the jangling uproar of late months. Our weather, dark, dusty, smoky, windless and sunless, seems far inferior to yours: but that is an evil it were useless to rebel against. The profound isolation I often contrive to secure for myself is a great comparative blessing: the wearied ear, confounded with vain noises (I mean the spiritual ear withal), catches some touch of the "*Eternal Silences*," with amazement, with terror, joy, and almost horror and rapture blended; not able to express itself in any way,—except it were by a day's good weeping somewhere;—and in the meanwhile waves passionately, to the Mérimées and Judges of the Industry of all Nations, "*Procul*

reads: 'DEAR MRS. CARLYLE,—I will breakfast with you gladly indeed, and sit on the proper side of the Countess [Pepoli]. She is very much as you say; and Mr. Carlyle knows a great deal more about true beauty than anybody else, "*comme de droit*."

'How good you were to me that day!

'Ever yours and his faithfully,

'R. B.'

este, O per Deos procul!"—If I were to go to France, I think my next object would be Normandy rather; to see the Bayeux Tapestry, the Grave of W. Conqueror, and the footsteps (chiefly Cathedrals I believe) of those huge old Kings of ours. I read a *Ducarel* (French Englishman of 1750) the other week, who roused all my old aspirations for a while. But after all it is better to sit still.—Pray take order with Moxon¹ that I may see that little piece you have been doing. And get into another bigger, *quàm primum!* You are not permitted to be silent much longer. Good be with that gentle lady and you!

'Yours ever,
'T. CARLYLE.'

LETTER XI.

Carlyle to Browning, 138 Avenue des Champs Elysées, à Paris.

'Chelsea, March 8, 1852.

'DEAR BROWNING,—Above a fortnight ago I received your Letter,² and the little *Shelley Book*³ along with it; a most pleasant pair of objects; to which, having read the Book too, the very night it arrived, I meant to answer on the morrow. Thanks were heartily ready, and a clear enough opinion which has not altered since: but, by some chance or other, the morrow came to be preoccupied, and then the next morrow and the next,—and the answer up to this moment you perceive, has never got out of the future tense. Such are the whirlings, cross-currents and regurgitations of this mad Gulf-stream of an element: one's time, unless one fight for every minute of it, all goes devoured and annihilated here; to get any work at all out of one's life here, I often say, one has to snatch it like furniture from a house on fire;—and the soul of man is not always equal to feats of that kind! Alas, alas, the Mud-gods are indeed very strong, in most places at present, and in this place I should say beyond most!—

'I liked the Essay extremely well indeed; a solid, well-wrought massive manful bit of discourse; and interesting to me, over and above, as the first bit of *prose* I had ever seen from you;—I hope only the first of very many. You do not know how cheering to me

¹ Browning's publisher.

² This letter is lost.

³ Browning's publisher, Moxon, had prevailed on him to write an Introduction to twenty-five letters which he was about to publish in the belief that they were by Shelley. Browning consented, and the letters were published before anyone discovered that they were forgeries. The Introduction, however, is generally considered Browning's best piece of prose-writing; it seems not unworthy of the high praise Carlyle gives it.

the authentic sound of a *human* voice is ! I get so little except ape-voices ; the whole Universe filled with one wide tempestuous Cackle, which has neither depth nor sense, nor any kind of truth or nobleness in it : O Heaven, one feels as if it were too bad ; as if the temptation were, to burst into tears, and sit down and weep till one died ! I cannot now, in late years, laugh at such a phenomenon ; oftenest it makes me inexpressibly sad,—as is very natural if one look at the *whence* and the inevitable *whitherward* ;—wherefore in general, I rather try to get out of it altogether, quite away from the beggarly sound of it ; and to sit solitary, in company rather with the dumb Chaos than with the talking one. This Essay of yours, and another little word by Emerson are the only new things I have read with real pleasure for a great while past. I agree with what you say of Shelley's moralities and spiritual position ; I honour and respect the weighty estimate you have formed of the Poetic Art ; and I admire very much the grave expressiveness of style (a *little* too elaborate here and there), and the dignified tone, in which you manage to deliver yourself on all that.

'The Letters themselves are very innocent and clear ; and deserve printing, with such a name attached to them ; but it is not they that I care for on the present occasion. In fact I am not sure but you would excommunicate me,—at least lay me under the "lesser sentence," for a time,—if I told you all I thought of Shelley !¹ Poor soul, he has always seemed to me an extremely weak creature, and lamentable much more than admirable. Weak in genius, weak in character (for these two always go together) ; a poor thin, spasmodic, hectic, shrill and pallid being ;—one of those unfortunates, of whom I often speak, to whom "the talent of *silence*," first of all, has been denied. The speech of such is never good for much. Poor Shelley, there is something void, and Hades-like in the whole inner world of him ; his universe is all vacant azure, hung with a few frosty mournful if beautiful stars ; the very voice of him (his style, &c.), shrill, shrieky, to my ear has too much of the *ghost* !—In a word, it is not with Shelley, but with Shelley's Commentator that I take up my quarters at all : and to this latter I will say with emphasis, Give us some more of *your* writing, my friend ; we decidedly need a man or two like you, if we could get them ! Seriously, dear Browning, you must at last gird up your loins again ; and give us a right stroke of work :—I do not wish to hurry you ; far the contrary : but I remind you what is expected ; and say with what joy I for one will see it arrive.—Nor do I restrict you to Prose, in spite of all

¹ At a later date Browning told Carlyle that he agreed with him about Shelley and his poetry. It may be added also that Emerson held an equally poor opinion of Shelley, saying that he could see nothing in his poetry but some pretty verses in 'The Skylark' and 'The Cloud.' (See *W. Allingham's Diary*, p. 242.)

I have said and still say : Prose or Poetry, either of them you can master ; and we will wait for you with welcome in whatever form your own *Daimon* bids. Only see that *he* does bid it ; and then go with your best speed ;—and on the whole forgive, at anyrate, these importunities, which I feel to partake much of the nature of impertinence, if you did not kindly interpret them.

‘About the time your letter came, or shortly before it, I had given a Card of introduction to a certain M. Montégut of the “*Revue des Deux Mondes*” ; which document I left him free to present or suppress, and know not which he has done. If he have done the former, pray understand that I do not know him in the flesh at all ; that I only know him as a Writer on English things in that “*Revue*” ; writer, in particular, of an Essay on myself some two or three years ago, which seemed to argue a very ingenuous and rather able and amiable man. If on sight you don’t like him,—act accordingly without respect of me ; who indeed am not cognisant of him beyond what I say, nor concerned in him except as a general son of Adam. That is the real truth ; and so enough of that.

‘How is poor Mrs. Browning in this fierce weather ? I hardly remember a viler temperature than we have had for ten days back ; grim frozen fog, except a few hours about noon ; whirlpools of frosty dust, and a wind direct from Nova Zembla. However, it will end soon ; and Summer come in spite of all this wriggling and Lancashire up-and-downing on the part of Winter.

‘We have got through the two first volumes (I read them yesterday) of “*Margaret Fuller*.” What she says of me, I suppose, is in the third volume : the Pieces in the Newspaper (if that is all, as I suppose) were not perceptibly disagreeable to me. Poor Margaret meant well, and she might have read the phenomena infinitely worse, nay it is surprising she didn’t. A gigantic Aspiration : in my life I have seen nothing stranger in that kind ; and very loveable withal : Except Emerson’s part, the Book is but indifferently done ;—and indeed poor Yankeeland seems but little wiser than poor England. How I should like to see the flap-hat of the old Chansonnier !¹—Adieu dear Browning.—

‘Yours ever,

‘T. CARLYLE.’

LETTER XII.

Carlyle to Browning, Paris.

‘Chelsea, December 4, 1855.

‘DEAR BROWNING,—I have not your address ; but [John] Forster engages to send you this Note, along with one of his own ; and if I

¹ Béranger, whose appearance I had described.—R. B.

get answer within the next six weeks (which is a wide limit), *business* will not suffer by the delay, whatever other things may suffer. You permitted me to send you Queries, should such arise, fit for solution in Paris; and this seems to be of the number. Most small and insignificant-looking: only to be answered if you *can* manage it without too much trouble.

'In the Books about the once famed and now forgotten war of the French, in Bohemia, &c. in 1740-'43, under Bellisle and Broglio, there occurs mention now and then of an Officer called *Marquis du Châtelet*;—for example, in the following Books, in reference to a bad adventure of his (bombarded at *Dingelfingen* in Bavaria, by *Daun*, not yet famous *Daun*), of date May 17, 1743:

"*Histoire de la dernière Guerre de Bohême*" (à Franckfort, chez Paul Lenclume, 1745, 3 voll. small 12^{mo},—Brunet says it is by Mauvillon; which I doubt: but it is easily found) vol. ii., p. 226;—item:

"*Journal Historique ou Fastes du règne de Louis XV.*" (Paris, 1766, 2 voll. 12^{mo}), vol. ii., p. 402 (this Book dates it wrong, "May 9,"—or indeed does not seem to know the date well);—item, what is by far the best authority:

"*Baron d'Espagnac: Vie du Maréchal de Saxe*" (or some equivalent title, a well-known Book—of which I possess only the German Translations and therefore can only give you my own *German* page-cipher) vol. i., p. 186,—or *Livre 6* (where it will be easy to find) under date May 17, 1743; with a reliable description of the affair.

'Now I want very much to know (in a small way), Was this the Husband of Voltaire's Madame? ¹ I am nearly sure he was; but want to be perfectly sure. If you have an acquaintance in the least a good reader of History, he will be able to ascertain,—by many methods, open to him, and shut *here*. I add, by way of further *ear-mark*, That this du Châtelet, a General Officer seemingly, marched in *Bellisle's* Army (towards Austria, August 1741), and not in Maillebois's do. (which went to Westphalia to smite George II); furthermore that he the said Du Châtelet had stood siege with Ségur in Linz (January 1742), and must have gone idle (in France probably) for a year after that adventure, such being the Capitulation Ségur and he made. These marks will abundantly identify him; and I think he will turn out to be as above said.—Now that my hand is in, let me add two other little Queries:

'1. In the *Fastes* just cited (vol. ii.—or indeed by *pages* they are all one volume—*Fastes*, &c. p. 395^{bis}) an Official Marquis de Breteuil dies, January 1, 1743:—How is this gentleman related to Madame du Châtelet? She, I remember, was a Breteuil;—niece to this man, or how?

¹ The 'divine Emilie.'

'2. In *d'Espagnac* just cited (Livre 8, very near the beginning of it, ii. 26 of my German), a *Marquis du Talleyrand* and some others are blown up in the Trenches of Tournay, May 8-9 (night-time) 1745,—just before the Battle of Fontenoy. How related to the Talleyrand of our day;—his Uncle, or how?—(If the French had on their old Book-stalls any Book like our old "Collins's Peerage," to be had for half a sovereign, and out of which you can fish all manner of things in the above kind—But, alas, they are almost sure not to have it!).—

'Well, at any rate, this is all, dear Browning; and I will leave it with you,—calculating on forgiveness, if I give you labour in vain. I send many kind regards to the Lady and you: it is verily one of my sorrows and lasting regrets that you cannot be seen from night to night by me, but live on the other side of seas.—I got a glimpse of your "Men and Women"; and will not rest till I have read it; there! That old "*corregidor*" is a diamond—*unequalled* since something else of yours I saw.

'Courage ever, and stand to your arms!

'T. CARLYLE.'

LETTER XIII.

Browning to Carlyle, Chelsea, London.

'Paris, 3 Rue du Colisée,

'January 23, 1856.

'MY DEAR MR. CARLYLE,—I know well, and too well, how nearly I am at the end of your allowance of six weeks for the verifications. I will try and say a word in excuse presently.

'1st. The Marquis du Châtelet mentioned in *D'Espagnac's* "*Histoire du Maréchal de Saxe*," under date May 17, 1743, was Florent-Claude, M. du Châtelet, chevalier, and Seigneur de Cirey. Born at Namur, April 7, 1695. Entered the 1st Company des Mousquetaires du Roi, 1712; made the campaigns of Landau and Fribourg; made Lieutenant dans le Régiment du Roi, 1714; Colonel dans celui de Hainault (infanterie) 1718; at the head of this he made the campaign of 1733; served the next year as Brigadier at the siege of Philipsburg. In 1738, was made Maréchal de Camp, and having served with much distinction in the auxiliary army sent to Bavaria, was made (in 1743) Grand-cross, commander of the ordre de St. Louis; and Lieutenant Général des armées du Roi in 1744. After his return from Bavaria, he was employed in the army on the Rhine; and having succeeded his father in the employment of Grand-Bailli d'Auxois et de Sar-Louis, and in the government of Sémur, he married, June 20, 1725, Gabriel-Emilie de Breteuil, daughter of Nicolas, Baron de Preuilly, "Introducteur des ambassa-

deurs et Princes étrangers auprès du Roi"—and of Anne de Froulay. (All this on many authorities, but here extracted from the "Dictionnaire de la Noblesse," Vol. 4. Paris, 1772.) And she, of course, was the Marquise of Voltaire, as you surmised, and as I verified in the books about him and her.

'2nd. The "official" Marquis de Breteuil of the "*Fastes*" was François Victor le Tonnelier de Breteuil, conseiller au parlement et commissaire aux Requêtes du Palais (1705)—Maître des Requêtes, intendant de Limoges (1718)—prévôt et maître des cérémonies des ordres du Roi (1721) and secrétaire d'état ayant le département de la guerre (1723). He died Jan. 7 (not 1st) 1743, aged 57. He was only collaterally related to the House of Breteuil-Preuilly aforesaid. ("Dictionnaire Généalogique, Héraldique, Chronologique et Historique," Vol. 3. Paris, 1757.)

'3rd. Daniel-Marie-Anne de Talleyrand-Périgord, Marquis de Talleyrand, comte de Grignoles et de Mauriac, was born 1706. Blown up by an accident in the trenches at the siege of Tournay, May 9, 1745. (The last Marquis de Biron had passed the night by his side on a bear-skin and left him for a few minutes to give orders, when a common soldier en nettoyant l'amorce de son fusil, blew up a barrel of powder, our Marquis and eighty others.) Maréchal Saxe wept at his fate, for a wonder, says the chronicler. He was father, by his second marriage, of Charles-Taniel, born 1734—whose second son was Charles-Maurice, born 1754, our Talleyrand. This is from the "Histoire Généalogique et Héraldique de Paris de France," &c. Vol. 8. Paris, 1827.

'And now how I shall be punished for delaying to send this, if you get it too late or have (what is more likely) got it yourself with any trouble! When your letter arrived we were in miserable lodgings, thro' the blunder of a friend, really to my wife's danger: that is over now—my friend Milsand helped me to the Library of the Chamber of Peers—where the Librarian Miller has been very kind—will you never try me again?

'There was a precious word in your letter about one of my own things, that went to my very heart. Now, have you understood me in another point? I was without the courage to send you the book¹—fearing the fate of Talleyrand's Grandfather. I hold so to what kind feeling for me you express, and which I cannot have a right to doubt, therefore—that it seemed foolish to hazard this by sending you poems to read you might like me none the better, or somewhat the less for. But that fear seems stupid on reflection; for you have written, beside the word now, many words, once on a time, the best I ever got for my pains. If you do really care to give me so much honour and pleasure, you will ask Chapman for the book,

¹ *Men and Women*, published in 1855.

and take it with many fears (more than hopes) but much gratitude. So that is said to your understanding.

'We are well now, in a warm and snug little place, just turning out of the Champs Elysées: my wife, who had been grievously affected by the abominable quarters our poor friend had insisted on our bearing with (only, we could not), is better again. Many interesting people are here and a few old acquaintances—Dickens for one. We were rejoicing the other evening over Forster's good fortune¹;—from him, I have not heard. Shall I really hear from you a sincere word, such as you helped me with fifteen years ago and more? There are one or two misprints—easy to rectify, however. As I believe no man a real poet or genius of any sort who does not go on improving till eighty and over, I shall begin again and again as often as you set me right. Kindest remembrances to Mrs. Carlyle from us both; and will you please give them? My wife's affectionate duty going to you, as it does, with that of

'Yours ever faithfully,

'ROBERT BROWNING.'

LETTER XIV.

Carlyle to Browning, Rue du Colisée, No. 3, à Paris.

'Chelsea, April 25, 1856.

'DEAR BROWNING,—It is a long time since I got your Book² according to program; a long time since I read it all, many of the Pieces again and again: nor was it a difficulty of conscience that has kept me silent; my approval was hearty and spontaneous, able I was and am to give you "Euge!" far beyond what I reckon you desire; and indeed I believe myself to stand among the first ranks of your readers in that particular. But you asked with so much loyalty, "What shall I do to be saved, and gain the top of this sore upward course?" and seemed to have such a faith in the older Stager and fellow-climber to give you a word of advice,—I really knew not what to say, and hesitated always. Not to say that I am dreadfully busy, and never have a moment that is not sunk in dust and difficulty and semi-despair these many months and years!—At length I have renounced altogether the high thought of "advising," and the like; for indeed I see the case is very complex, and I have learned by experience that advice, real advice from without, is generally an impossibility. "Nobody follows advice," they say; which means withal, "Advice never

¹ John Forster had lately been appointed Secretary to the Commissioners in Lunacy.

² *Men and Women.*

hits the case; the case is not known to any Adviser, but only to the Advisee,—who has good right to protest, for most part!" Accept a few rough human words, then, such as the day gives; and do not consider them as pretending to be more than honest words, rough and ready, from a fellow-pilgrim well-affected to you.

'It is certain there is an excellent opulence of intellect in these two rhymed volumes: intellect in the big ingot shape and down to the smallest current coin;—I shall look far, I believe, to find such a pair of *eyes* as I see busy there inspecting human life this long while. The keenest just insight into men and things;—and all that goes along with really good *insight*: a fresh valiant manful character, equipped with rugged humour, with just love, just contempt, well carried and bestowed;—in fine a most extraordinary power of expression; such I must call it, whether it be "expressive" *enough*, or not. Rhythm there is too, endless poetic fancy, symbolical *help* to express; and if not melody always or often (for that would mean finish and perfection), there is what the Germans call *takt*,—fine *dancing*, if to the music only of *drums*.

'Such a faculty of talent, "genius" if you like the name better, seems to me *worth* cultivating, worth sacrificing oneself to tame and subdue into perfection;—none more so, that I know, of men now alive. Nay, in a private way, I admit to myself that here apparently is *the finest* poetic genius, finest possibility of such, we have got vouchsafed us in this generation, and that it will be a terrible pity if we spill it in the process of elaboration. Said genius, too, I perceive, has really *grown*, in all ways, since I saw it last; I hope it will continue growing, tho' the difficulties are neither few nor small!

'Well! but what is the shadow side of the Picture, then? For in that too I ought to be equally honest. My friend, it is what they call "unintelligibility!" That is a fact: you are dreadfully difficult to understand; and that is really a sin. Admit the accusation: I testify to it; I found most of your pieces too hard of interpretation, and more than one (chiefly of the short kind) I had to read as a very enigma. I did make them all out,—all with about two insignificant exceptions;—but I do not know if many readers have got so far. Consider that case; it is actually flagrant!¹

¹ Referring to the charge of unintelligibility or obscurity, Browning wrote to a friend, on November 27, 1868, as follows: 'I can have little doubt but that my writing has been, in the main, too hard for many I should have been pleased to communicate with: but I never designedly tried to puzzle people, as some of my critics have supposed. On the other hand, I never pretended to offer such literature as should be a substitute for a cigar or a game of dominoes to an idle man. So perhaps on the whole I get my deserts and something over—not a crowd but a few I value more.'—(From a letter, now in the British Museum, to W. G. Kingsland.)

'Now I do not mean to say the cure is easy, or the sin a mere perversity. Gods knows I too understand very well what it is to be "unintelligible" so-called. It is the effort of a man with very much to say, endeavouring to get it said in a not sordid or unworthy way, to men who are at home chiefly in the sordid, the prosaic, inane and unworthy. I see you pitching big crags into the dirty bottomless morass, trying to *found* your marble work,—Oh, it is a tragic condition withal!—But yet you *must* mend it, and alter. A writing man is there to be understood: let him lay that entirely to heart, and conform to it patiently; the sooner the better!

'I do not at this point any longer forbid you *verse*, as probably I once did. I perceive it has grown to be your dialect, it comes more naturally than prose;—and in prose too a man can be "unintelligible" if he like! My private notion of what is Poetry—Oh, I do hope to make *you*, one day, understand that; which hitherto no one will do:¹ but it must not concern us at present. Continue to write in verse, if you find it handier. And what more? Aye, what, what!—Well, the sum of my ideas is: If you took up some one *great* subject, and tasked all your powers upon it for a long while, vowing to Heaven that you *would* be plain to mean capacities, then!— But I have done, *done*. Good be with you always, dear Browning; and high victory to sore fight!

'Yours ever,

'T. CARLYLE.'

¹ In his *Lectures on Heroes*, Carlyle has defined clearly enough what he understood poetry to be: 'Poetry, therefore, we will call *musical Thought*. The Poet is he who *thinks* in that manner. At bottom, it turns still on power of intellect; it is a man's sincerity and depth of vision that makes him a Poet. See deep enough, and you see musically; the heart of Nature *being* everywhere music, if you can only reach it.'

It is a great mistake to say, as many do, that Carlyle hated poetry. The fact is, as readers of his works know, that it was only *bad* poetry that he disliked. If on this point he erred at all, it was in being perhaps too strict a judge of poetry, and too hard to please. He says, in his *Third Lecture on Heroes*: 'It is only when the heart of him [the Poet] is rapt into true passion of melody, and the very tones of him become musical by the greatness, depth and music of his thoughts, that we can give him right to rhyme and sing; that we call him a Poet, and listen to him as the Heroic of Speakers,—whose speech is Song. Pretenders to this are many; and to an earnest reader, I doubt, it is for most part a very melancholy, not to say an insupportable business, that of reading rhyme! Rhyme that had no inward necessity to be rhymed;—it ought to have told us plainly, without any jingle, what it was aiming at. . . . Precisely as we love the true song, and are charmed by it as by something divine, so we hate the false song, and account it a mere wooden noise, a thing hollow, superfluous, altogether an insincere and offensive thing.'

LETTER XV.

Browning to Carlyle, Cheyne Row, Chelsea.

' 19 Warwick Crescent, London, W.,
' October 17, 1877.

' DEAR MR. CARLYLE,—I beg your kind acceptance of the translation I ventured upon at your desire ;¹ what it ought to be—in justification of the honour which occasioned it—I can hardly say ;—what it probably *is* you will be indulgent to—taking the effort in place of that performance which were worthy of the affectionate gratitude and respect of

' Yours ever,
' ROBERT BROWNING.'

LETTER XVI.

Browning to Carlyle, Cheyne Row, Chelsea.

' 19 Warwick Crescent, London, W.,
' March 26, 1878.'

' MY DEAR MR. CARLYLE,—I hardly dare make the simple mention I am about to do of the fact that a picture by my son will be on view at my house till next Sunday : how much less can I dream of begging you to come and see merely *that* ! But you did actually honour me by a visit, an attempted one, some time ago—and an abiding regret it has been to me that I was away at the time [of] such a favour as you intended me. Only on this account I venture to say that, should any happy chance bring you to this neighbourhood any afternoon, my son's work would be rewarded indeed by your notice. You knew him when a child and were kind as he even yet well remembers : he is now some year older than was his father when you were more than kind to

' Your ever grateful and affectionate
' ROBERT BROWNING.'

LETTER XVII.

Browning to Carlyle, Cheyne Row, Chelsea.

' 19 Warwick Crescent, W.,
' March 27, 1879.

' DEAR MR. CARLYLE,—You did indeed inaugurate most auspiciously Robert's first appearance as a would-be Painter last

¹ The *Agamemnon* of Æschylus.

² Browning's *La Saisiaz* was published this year, and he gave Carlyle a copy with this inscription : ' To Thomas Carlyle with the affectionate veneration of R.B.'

year. I believe the kindness shown him has been by no means thrown away. He is sending to London some new Pictures which, I am told, show decided progress. They are to arrive to-day, and will be on view at a house much nearer your own than that which you honoured with a visit on the former occasion. If therefore you could again so much indulge us—the Pictures will be ready for your inspection next Friday and the three following days from 2 till 5 P.M., at 17 Queen's Gate Gardens, South Kensington. The house—lent me by Mr. George Smith—is an empty one, and the Pictures will be seen on the ground-floor, nor cause any ascent.

'I have been exceedingly unwell for the last three weeks, or I would have begged this favour in person. I trust your own health is in a satisfactory state.

' Believe me ever,

' Dear Mr. Carlyle,

' Yours most respectfully and affectionately,

' ROBERT BROWNING.'

ALEXANDER CARLYLE.

THE VETERAN.

It is a wide, lazy flowing river that winds idly along by the water-meadows ; a stream where water-lilies have leisure to grow, where great green banks of weed sway slowly in a current that hardly extends their frayed streamers, and coot and water-hen may make their easy progress without stress of paddling. It stares glassily up to heaven on calm days ; an untroubled river face, only fortuitously dimpled here and there by the grave, fat fish ; the easy, characterless denizens of the stream.

An ideal spot for the contemplative angler this ; a lotus-eater's paradise for the dry-fly purist, content to wait expectant for a full noon between casts, and despising, with the littleness of the specialist, a brother Waltonian with keenness overmastering patience. Ideal paradise for a man who finds sublimity in passivity, in a scene that broods rather than lives, in a flat, waiting prettiness, like the exquisite shallow beauty of a Greuze.

But, behind the water-meadows, passing the mill-house, runs a tributary that commends itself less to the sedative heart. It is quick, alive, hugging to its soul that spice of variety unknown to its larger sister. The exuberance of its spirit expresses itself in ripples, in eager runs, in gurgling merriment over the obstacles that would bar its path. Tamed it must be, before it is permitted to join forces with that lethargic flood below the mill, but only tamed perforce by man-made obstruction, the water-gates of the mill-pool end. Even then it is only tamed for a little, and goes whirling and scampering under the big wheel, making that whirl too as it passes ; working as eagerly as it played, half contemptuous of the idle, forceless river to which it must presently contribute its watery quota. The denizens of the tributary share their host's tacit contempt. They differ in strength, in heart, in temperament from the fat, grave fish below the mill, and they know it.

The veteran had come up in his childhood from the river below, and scoffed loudest of all. If veterans lived there, he knew that it was by sheer luck, by virtue of weedy fastnesses, of sunken lily stem, and hidden snag ; for grave idleness had sapped their strength and made them easy, nerveless, sapless monsters, who must ultimately come rolling helplessly like lambs to the slaughter if gut

held, and weedy entanglements failed. There was no heart in them. Trout and men who get their living easily must lack stamina in a test.

The veteran was reckoned at eight pounds, but his real fighting weight was six; the deceptiveness of water, and the magnifying powers of the angler's eye, accounting for the surplus. His beat lay between the water-gates and the sunny ripple at the head of the mill-pool, the dam; and his rounded brown and gold beauty attracted many an eye when he came dashing gallantly from the deeper water at the flying rear of a minnow shoal.

The miller, who had privileges, and was an unsportsmanlike man, used to leave armed worms lying on the bottom of the dam, inviting attack in a careless fashion, but prepared to turn, if attack came, and put a proverb to the test. But the veteran would have none of them. He had condescendingly studied even earth-born creatures, and mocked at the idea of backboned invertebrates. His was a fishy syllogism: 'Worms have no backbones: this has a backbone; therefore it is not a worm.' A fallacious mode of reasoning, but useful enough, since it saved him from the privileged miller. It is true that he did not know the miller had anything to do with these stray enormities; but it seemed to him that they were born of two events: the appearance of the miller on the bank, and the almost simultaneous vibration caused by a splash. So he left them alone.

The miller, however, was not his only human acquaintance. There was a stout, red-faced old man, with the patience of Job, and a soul concentrated upon the cult of the fly. The veteran was the only creature which had beaten him year after year, and the heart of the stubborn man would not brook defeat.

It was, perhaps, natural that the veteran should smile at his tempter's ambitious strategy. At the same time, he respected him for his love of fair play. There were no armed worms in evidence when the Colonel took the field; no insinuating, plump minnows that spun nimbly across the veteran's field of vision, or swam awkwardly alive by his haunt under the clump of reeds. Only flies would come sailing overhead, flies with many fine legs, flies with a conscious stiffness of pose; a shamed consciousness of their lack of transparency.

The veteran admired them after a fashion. Obviously they were not what they seemed, but they were very near imitations. They lacked soul, life, energy, but they were sufficiently clever impostors to encourage to self-praise a creature observant enough

to reject them. There was one in particular that pleased the veteran's artistic eye. He presumed that it was intended to represent an Olive Dun, and in generous moments he almost wished that he were able to mention to the Colonel the æsthetic mistake of using a hackle that showed darker under water than it appeared to the eye on land. This dun was nearly 'just as good'; it had its points, and on one breezy day the veteran had come up at it gaily, and filled the Colonel's breast with new hope, and the veteran's with self-deprecation.

The veteran treated the miller with passive scorn, but he lost something of his dignity when the red-faced old man appeared. Then he felt that he must give himself airs, flaunt himself superiorly clever in the eye of this observer. The Colonel would be down on one knee among the herbage that covered the practicable bank, well behind his fish, pluming himself on his discretion no doubt. But the veteran, after a rise or two, would sheer back into deep water, move half across the dam, and note the position of his tempter. The latter would be looking upstream, waiting for his fish to rise again; waiting until his septuagenarian knees would numb, and make a momentary rest necessary. As he straightened himself, he would see the veteran near him, in a line, fanning gently and cocking an observant, contemptuous eye towards the bank.

Both veterans looked forward each year to the may-fly season; the one in hope that that season of piscine greed would prove the other's undoing; the other because he was something of a gourmet, and the flavour of the idle green ephemeridæ is vastly good, and their bulk satisfying—quantity and quality at once, the difficult ideals of every consumer fitly joined.

The sweetest time of the year, both agreed, with a soft blue sky overhead, a warmth and unmatchable sweetness in the air, and the *fly* festooned on every branch and leaf of the trees that overhung the water, or coasting in scattered companies down the stream. Green drakes and grey drakes, fluttering like idle little feathers everywhere, skimming and dipping, intent on business which was hardly a business, but, rather, one of those dreamy duties beloved by the temperamentally inert. Were ever such days as those when the sun shone merrily, and the water was liquid gold, and the veteran sailed idly across the shallows, imbibing, with hardly an effort, the fat, luscious may-flies which were the manna of his heaven?

The Colonel signalled the arrival of each may-fly season with

the invention of some new mimic delicacy. Sometimes it was a celluloid body, happily transparent ; sometimes a more attractively dyed wing ; sometimes a spent-gnat that seemed more utterly spent than the model of the year before. The expert under water studied each in its turn, not grudging of mitigated appreciation. His limited mentality prevented him from thinking that they were distinctly clever ; but that was his sub-conscious conclusion. That at least may be inferred, for he followed them now and again ; now and again made a half-hearted snap at one. He had become a veteran by virtue of this cleverness in repressing an impulse at the last moment. Impetuous youngsters, the less observant of the middle-aged, too, fell victims to the Colonel's wiles. They were in a hurry to be rich in flesh, and fell victims to their avaricious haste.

So the Colonel became an annual institution ; the veterans met year by year to fight their battle o'er again.

It would be unfair to ask if the Colonel was never tempted as other men are. If he was, he never spoke of it to anyone. To devote four seasons' fishing to a trout which, in the last, scaled a full six pounds, and looked eight ; to present to that trout unfalteringly year after year, day after day, fruitlessly, a single dry fly, that was surely a task almost surpassing the devotion of man. And, all the while, the tackle-makers' windows were full of forbidden delights. There where phantom minnows, of artfully painted silk, of tinted celluloid ; minnows of mother-o'-pearl even, iridescent, dainty ; Devon minnows, in their gilt and silver finery ; lures of blue and silver, brown and gold, running the gamut of alluring shades.

When a few days' rain had fallen, and the stream ran coloured down, these did seem to obtrude themselves aggressively in the Colonel's imagination. One of them might do the trick ; one of them deftly spun in the brown stream across the veteran's vision.

So, when the water ran thick, the Colonel would put away his rod, and fly from the temptation to the town, to plan further innocuous campaigns, and study that new fish-scale fly which the fellows at the Club were talking about. And while he went, the veteran in the pool above the mill feasted regally on minnows, and tasted of such worms as were of the true invertebrate breed, not artificially stiffened by the privileged miller.

For the miller's mind was coarse, and his tackle coarser. The æsthetic mind of the veteran was revolted. The miller's hooks

might serve for philistine sea-fish ; they would not deceive a trout with the accumulated wisdom of four may-fly seasons.

Then the sun would shine out again, and the stream resume its crystal clearness, under a dappled summer sky, and the veteran would repent of his rude debauch, pursuing with zest, tempered by discrimination, his fascinating entomological studies.

In the end, it was a woman who tempted the Colonel to his solitary fall from grace, slight though it might be. She had all a woman's impatience and eagerness for immediate results, and she had the advantage of holding a strong place in the old man's heart.

Her mother had died three years before ; her father had fallen at Sanna's Post, with the utmost credit a man may achieve in a lost engagement. So the Colonel had his excuses when this favourite granddaughter tempted him to his first lapse from the purist's law.

A first visit to the pool above the mill exhibited the piscine veteran to the girl's wondering eyes. He was lying in the shallower water, near the head of the dam, and the sunrays lighted up his golden sides, when now and again he sailed leisurely to the surface to intercept a drifting insect.

'Oh, what a beauty !' she gasped, staring.

The Colonel nodded. 'I told you about him, didn't I ?' he said, hunting in his fly-box for an elusive dun.

'But I never thought he was quite so big. Do catch him !'

'I've been trying to, these four years,' said the Colonel ; and added hopefully, 'It's bound to happen sometime.'

'But I don't want it to happen sometime—I want to see him caught now !' she said, with pretty imperiousness.

'With a net ?' laughed the Colonel.

She pondered. 'Ned'—this was her brother—'Ned says you're too fastidious.'

'Does he ? I like his impudence, my dear ! I remember he talked to me about trying a minnow over my old friend here.'

'And why not ? If you can't catch him on the dry-fly—I thought the great point in fishing was to catch fish.'

'It isn't !' said the Colonel, tersely. 'Wait here a little. I'm going to try him.'

She watched with growing impatience his successive casts. The veteran was feeding steadily. He was not put down by the artificial fly that fell time after time a foot above his nose. Twice he came short, but otherwise he exhibited a very contemptuous indifference.

The sun was very hot, and the fisherman empurpled. Then the veteran ceased feeding and sheered off into deeper water.

'Are you going to do that all day?' inquired the girl.

The Colonel looked at her good-humouredly, 'I'll try him again when he starts feeding.'

He lighted a cigar, and sat down to smoke and to watch. The girl assumed her most wheedling expression.

'Now, isn't it funny,' she began, very innocently, 'Ned asked me to give you a fly to try, and I quite forgot.'

'I don't like Ned's flies!' he said, and shifted uncomfortably, 'Got plenty of my own.'

'Oh, but do look at this one!' she coaxed. 'It's really lovely. It's a love—green—'

'With a silver body?' suggested the Colonel uneasily.

'How did you know?' She produced from some recess an 'artificial' of arrogant mien—a gaudy fellow with peacock wing, silver body, and jungle-cock tail.

'An Alexandra!' groaned the Colonel. 'My dear, lots of fellows would as soon poach as use one!'

'What's the harm? Isn't it a fly?'

'Said to be—said to be. Or you might call it a minnow.'

'But I do so much want to see you catch this big fish.'

He saw a loophole for retreat. 'Not an atom of use on a calm day here. Now, if there had been a wind—'

And even as he spoke a little breeze began to ruffle the surface of the pool!

'Isn't that him rising again?' said he, getting up suddenly. 'I'll try him once more, Mary.'

He was quite well aware that the fish which had just moved was not the veteran; equally he was aware that if he did not hurry away he might succumb to the temptation. So he cast over the new fish, fastened at the second cast, and, with Mary's assistance, netted very quickly a brisk one-pounder.

'Nice fish,' he said, with a pretence of interest, swishing his line to and fro to dry his floater.

'But it isn't *the* fish!' cried Mary.

Her tone was severe. She had made up her wilful little mind to see the veteran caught, and no smaller sacrifice would content her. And then, as if Fate wished to weight the scale against the purist, the breeze blew up more strongly, sending the mimic waves rippling against the reeds.

'And you're going to try the—what is it? Oh, the Alexandra now,' she said with an air of finality.

'My dear!' began the Colonel desperately.

'It's such a pretty fly,' she added, with enthusiasm.

The battle began again. No need to harrow the mind with the details of that unequal combat; sufficient to say that, five minutes later, a red-faced, but meek, officer was fastening the Alexandra to his cast, and hoping that no one would intrude upon that spot to look upon his fall.

'The only trouble about this fly,' he said mendaciously, 'is that—er—owing to its being used wet—er—if it does not attract the fish at the first few casts it will frighten them, and need not be used again.'

'Why not?' she asked.

'Well—er—my dear—I can't explain it, but there the fact remains. Now you see I am trying it to please you. I shall make three casts, and then, if the fish does not move at it, I will try the floater again.'

'You are a dear! Of course, I only want you to try it.'

The Colonel advanced to the bank, and, shamefacedly, let his cast sink a little to damp it. The breeze was now puffing merrily, and the previous translucency of the pool was disturbed.

'Here goes!' he announced, and cast straight upstream.

There is no moral to this narration of the Colonel's fall. He ought to have had his three or four casts; the veteran in the pool ought to have spurned contemptuously the gaudy and impossible insect moving under water. He was an entomological expert, an observer above all things. Yet who can understand the mind of a fish?

Twice the Colonel cast, moving a yard upstream between the casts. Then the third cast was made, the Alexandra drifted downstream, and the foolish veteran exhibited the impetuous ferocity of a shark.

'You've got him! You've got him!' Mary cried gleefully, as the rod suddenly bent in a generous curve, and the reel sang shrilly. The Colonel swore to himself in the two languages he knew, and skilfully braked this first rush. He was thoroughly and heartily ashamed of himself now. Bad enough to tamper with the accursed thing; worse to fasten with it to the monster trout of his dreams.

'Wouldn't you like to play him, Mary?' he asked, as he got in a little line.

'Me!' she said smiling amusedly, 'I couldn't. I should lose him.'

'I wish to heaven I could!' he murmured under his breath.

Rush and splash; rush and splash; varied by a turn-over in mid-air, and a subtle turn reedwards. Six pounds of athletic flesh did its utmost to break free from that slender attachment. Finding rushes unavailing, the veteran began to bore down sullenly. It was a ding-dong battle, with the angler wishing his gut would break, but too keen a sportsman to let it be broken by a fish.

'Oh, isn't he plucky!' Mary cried.

'Too plucky to be killed on that beast of a fly,' groaned he.

The veteran deserved this commendation. Untiring, undismayed, he made rush after rush; now towards the reed shelter, now hotly upstream towards a tangled weed-bed. And still the gut held!

'Shall I get the net ready?' asked Mary, two minutes later.

'Wait a bit,' said the Colonel, biting his lip.

Wilfully he put on pressure, reeling in a few yards of line. The veteran felt that his powers were failing, and gathered himself together for a final effort. Pulling invincibly, he ran upstream, and leaped wildly. Shame kept the Colonel from dropping his rod-point. The only half-regretted moment of parting had come, when the veteran's weary bulk fell back heavily upon the cast.

'Snapped!' said the Colonel, reeling in, with a sigh of relief. 'Good luck to him.'

The veteran still haunts the mill-pool. He is heavier now, and even more cunning than before. The miller still has hopes of catching him, but the other veteran, the Colonel, does not come now to the haunt of his old rival.

If fish can think, it is possible that the veteran in the pool imagines that the Colonel is afraid, or ashamed, to face him after his fall from the purists' high standard—that solitary lapse in a lifetime devoted to the cult of the austere dry-fly.

He does not know that the Colonel has passed from the world of cults and standards, fronting an unknown future unashamed.

JOHN HASLETTE.

A RHODES SCHOLAR IN BELGIUM.

The writer of this paper, Mr. F. H. Gailor, is a Rhodes Scholar of New College, Oxford, and has spent the last three months in Belgium administering under the American Commission the relief so graciously sent to Belgian distress by the United States, Canada, and Australia. The British Committee for this purpose is now to be constituted by His Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury, His Grace the Duke of Norfolk, K.G., The Right Hon. the Earl of Rosebery, K.G., The Right Hon. Viscount Bryce, O.M., The Right Hon. the Lord Mayor of London, His Eminence Cardinal Bourne, The Right Hon. Sir J. Compton-Rickett, M.P., The Right Hon. Arthur Henderson, M.P., John E. Redmond, Esq., M.P.

ED. CORNHILL.

IN Brussels one day in December I went down to the Bains Saint Sauveur, which before the war was the place where the people of the Belgian capital foregathered for their Turkish baths, and is now one of the largest canteens of the Commission for Relief in Belgium. It was ten o'clock in the morning, and about a thousand people stood before the doors in a queue which wound away up over the hill, round the corner, and out of sight. In that line were people of all classes, ages, and sexes. Women and girls, some with babies in their arms, some with children clinging to their skirts, some who wore shawls and sabots, and some with furs and cloaks, still smart enough to make one realise that the war had brought them a change of fortune for the worse. In this line were also men and boys, some too old and some too young for service, but there were others who still had a crutch or cane, or some other sign of their recent experience in a military hospital. The people in the line were all different and yet all alike, in that they were Belgians and dependent on the food given them by the Commission. This scene is one of the most common and most typical in the life of Brussels to-day, and there are 150,000 of its people who form these lines each morning to receive their only food.

In the long hall of the building, where the same people, perhaps, in other days received their bath tickets, I found many more of the earlier comers, chatting together and clattering back and forth on the stone floor in their wooden sabots, as they received their half-

pound loaves of bread and pitchers of steaming soup in return for the green and yellow tickets issued by the Commission.

At the end of the hall, all alone and apparently unconscious of the crowds of strangers streaming past, sat a little Belgian boy of about ten years. In one hand he held a loaf of American bread and on his knees a bowl of soup. He was far more interested in the meal than in the crowd, and paid no attention to me as I approached to ask him why he was made to sit in the corner by himself. 'Oh, I just arrived this morning, and didn't have a ticket,' he said, 'so they put me here to eat, to see that I really was hungry and did not want to use the food for something else.' And, his position explained, I was dismissed by his turning his attention to eating the soup by means of bits of bread broken from the loaf. I realised then that he was too busy for further conversation, so I sought the Director, a man who was formerly high in the Councils of the Socialist party and who is now devoting all his time to the relief of the poor. I asked him about the boy, and I was not surprised at the little fellow's composure when I had heard his story. 'About two hours ago when we opened the doors,' the Director said, 'the boy came trudging in with a baby in his arms, wrapped in a blanket. He had been standing before the doors for half an hour, and nothing could induce him to let the women in the line take charge of the baby.' The Director went on to tell me that he had known the boy's mother as the wife of a prosperous farmer, who was killed at Vilvoorde when the Germans were attacking Antwerp. After her husband's death the mother had stayed on the farm with the little boy, and after the baby was born she had died, telling the little boy with whom she had been left all alone to come to Brussels and find the Director. At daybreak, after an all-night's vigil with his baby sister, the little fellow had set out on his ten-mile walk to Brussels. He was afraid to stop at any of the villages along the way because of the Germans, and, even when he met Belgians, he would not talk to them except to ask his way. Now he was having a meal before going to the Director's house where he and his baby sister would make their future home. The Director went back with me along the hall and we spoke to the boy, but I heard nothing about his adventures of the night before because he was unwilling to talk about them. He spoke of America, but with no enthusiasm. He was like an experienced business man with responsibility rather than a sleepy little boy of ten. I think that incident made me realise for the first time the true spirit of

Belgium and the Belgian people ; and, after seeing that little hero who had been so faithful to his trust and taken so little credit for it, one could better understand the deeds of the Belgian Army last August.

The Director took us to see a new shipment of flour that had just arrived. He was very enthusiastic about it because it was pure white, and the people had been getting only brown bread for months. On each sack was stamped 'From Indiana to Belgium—War Relief Fund,' and I could picture the experiences of each of those sacks from the time they left the wheat-fields out in Indiana last autumn. They had been put on a train and carried free of charge by the American railroads to New York, where one of the Commission's freight boats was waiting to take them to Rotterdam. At Rotterdam, after being weighed and inspected, they had been shifted aboard little iron lighters of 600 tons and sent to Brussels. Each lighter was consigned to the American Minister and sailed under the protection of the American flag. Furthermore, the lighters were sealed at the Frontier and a placard, stamped by the German Government and bearing the magic words 'Not to be requisitioned,' placed on them. As I knew, there were perhaps half a dozen of the little lighters loaded and shipped from that particular 'gift-boat' from Indiana, and Brussels kept only the quantity of flour proportional to its population ; the rest was sent out to the provinces to the storehouses of the nine Provincial Committees. Going down the canals in Brussels the lighters still bore the placard stamped by the German Military Governor and were still consigned to the American Minister at Namur, Mons, or whatever provincial centre was to receive the flour. The cargoes in that way remained neutral property. When they reached their destination the American Delegate appeared with his copy of the bill of lading and a Power of Attorney from the American Minister to release the flour to the Belgian Provincial Committee for distribution in that particular locality, or reserve the flour in the American storehouse for shipment to other parts of that province. Thus the flour was under the protection of the American flag from the time it left America until it was put in the storehouses to be distributed to the lines of destitute Belgians waiting in the street to receive it.

I have, perhaps, run a little ahead of my story, and it is necessary for me to go back and explain the organisation that carries and distributes flour. The Commission for Relief in Belgium is divided

into two parts, the American Commission and the Belgian 'Comité National de Secours et d'Alimentation.' As neutrals, the Americans, who are able to move about the country, are naturally in charge of procuring and transporting the food; while the Belgians, who know their own country and people, have taken over the work of distribution and the organisation of the canteens. The American Commission has offices at New York, London, and Rotterdam, as well as at Brussels, while the organisation of the Belgian Committee is confined to Belgium. The head office is with the American Commission at Brussels, and it has branches in each of the nine Belgian Provinces and representatives in almost every Belgian town. Of course, the part of Flanders which is in the military zone is not at the present time regularly organised, but some shipments have been made to Ostend, Roulers, and other places which are practically under fire. There are about 100 Americans who devote all their time to this work, and about 500 Belgians who co-operate with them. The Americans come from all walks of life; some are mining engineers, some managers of large businesses in England or America, some school teachers, and in addition to them are the young men in the Provinces, who receive the shipments and supervise the distribution. Twenty-five of these men are Rhodes Scholars from Oxford.

The Commission for Relief in Belgium is a charity that has become a national food trust, and is therefore, as we say in America, 'big business.' There are now in Belgium about six million civilians, and every slice of bread they eat comes through the Commission. The business involves the expenditure of some millions of dollars a month, and it is obviously impossible to describe adequately a work of this size in an article of a few thousand words. In normal times and under the best conditions the work of procuring, shipping, and distributing flour to six million people would be no small affair, but at present in Belgium nothing is normal, and conditions for business of any kind are at their worst. The German military power comes first, and monopolises all public utilities and carriers for its own needs. The railroads have been taken over by the German military authorities, and only by sending a telegram in German from one Commandant to another may the offices of the Commission use the wires. It takes at least forty-eight hours for a telegram coming from Rotterdam to be delivered at the Brussels office, and another twenty-four hours for it to be received in the Provinces. If one picks up the telephone receiver in Brussels or

Antwerp, instead of getting Exchange one gets the Kommandatur. Of course the Post Office is open, and regular German stamps, with 'Belgien' printed on them, are sold. It is also true that every once in a while, after indefinitely long intervals, letters are sent by train—that is, when there is no military use for the train and no military objection to the letters. In Belgium to-day there are no Law Courts except the courts-martial, and in the country places there are no policemen, although in Brussels and Antwerp the gendarmes have stuck to their post and, like chickens with their wings clipped, contented themselves with a modicum of their old authority in the shadow of the more resplendent military 'Polizei.' If a Dutch lighterman should decide to sell a cargo of Commission flour *en route*, the military authorities would be the only Court of Appeal. For a time, in the first days of the Commission's existence, duty was charged on consignments of Commission food-stuffs by the Belgian Customs officials, who had been left in authority over imports that were not taking place. The Germans made an agreement to free all Commission food from import tax, but this had no weight with the Belgians, who could get no instructions on the subject from their Government at Havre and clung tenaciously to the remainder of their depleted power, even at the expense of their starving countrymen.

The total paralysis of the normal life of the country is well illustrated by a story that the remaining Town Councilman of Aerschot told me. At Aerschot, as everyone knows, about half the houses have been burned, and among them the Record Office with all the archives. In the pinch of circumstances, a certain husband, a citizen of Aerschot, who had had only a civil marriage, decided that one mouth was easier to feed than two and that his wife was a burden, so one fine day he left her. Naturally the wife resented the desertion and went immediately to the Councilman, who is now Burgomaster, lawyer, and general Poohbah of the town, and he, although he knows that the marriage took place five years ago and that the husband and wife have been living together ever since, can do nothing, because all the papers are destroyed and there are no Courts in which he, as a lawyer, may take the matter up. His ending was characteristic as he said 'I should like to take a gun, find the man, and have a real military wedding, but fire-arms—you know, monsieur, a genuine case—and the rest of the town would go!'

The canals and some twenty-five automobiles have solved the problem of carriers for the Commission, and given a number of

Dutch lightermen and Belgian chauffeurs something to do. Practically all the food comes in from Holland by the three canals *via* Maastricht and the Meuse, *via* Brussels, or that through East Flanders to Mons and Charleroi. When the Commission opened its work all three of these waterways were blocked, but in some places with the help of the Germans, and in some where they were allowed to approach the canals with the aid of the Belgians, the Americans have now succeeded in making all three navigable for their small lighters. The business letters of the Commission to and from Holland, as well as in the interior of the country, are carried by American couriers in automobiles. From time to time the couriers have some trouble about passes, but as a rule they go freely through the German lines or from town to town, and this method is at least much more feasible than attempting to make use of the post office.

In writing an article on Belgium as it is to-day, with the war on its western and southern borders and the country under German control, one must consider Brussels as quite different and distinct from any of the other towns. The Burgomaster of Louvain, who was formerly a professor of law at the University, summed up the whole situation for me one day when he said, 'Why, those people at Brussels do not realise that there is a war. They actually know when New Year's day is coming and prepare something that shall take the place of a celebration.' Of course that statement of the case is somewhat extreme. The war is felt in Brussels and one can see many signs of it, but there are no ruins and there was no fighting there. Now, I think the Germans are rather proud that the capital has not been damaged, and the officers say constantly to an American, 'You see yourself that where the Belgians made no trouble neither did we.' They use Brussels as a sort of pleasure city, where those soldiers who cannot reach Berlin may take their holiday from the trenches. The Germans have from time to time taken precautions against a revolution, because they say that the Bruxellois are recalcitrant and have not had their lesson. Orders have been issued to the German soldiers never to go about the streets without a rifle, on the ground that 'an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure.' On a busy evening at the famous 'Princess Café,' which is now monopolised by the German private, one may see the rifles stacked in the aisles while the soldiers are having their Munich beer—which, by the way, is brought fresh from Germany every twenty-four hours.

Then in Brussels, as perhaps nowhere else, there are innumerable

little things that remind one constantly of the war. The railroad stations are carefully guarded by fat 'landsturmiers' with fixed bayonets, and no civilian may enter them without a pass. In the streets are constant streams of army waggons, field kitchens, ammunition carts, and sometimes artillery back from the front for repair, or coming freshly painted from Germany to take the place of those that have been promoted to the French Communiqués. This procession is seen every day, yet every time it passes the man in the street begins to say 'It is the retreat and the Allies are coming.' Once, when the sound of the guns had been unusually distinct the evening before, the rumour grew to such an extent that finally they began to say 'The English and Germans are fighting before the Bourse,' people came running from there looking over their shoulders as if they were under fire, and of course the town was in a panic for the rest of the day. The psychological condition of the Belgians to-day is very much that of the early Christians under Nero. They are somewhat dazed by what has happened; their King, through no fault of his own, has left them; and they are wavering always between despair and hope of their deliverance. In the villages, in the shops, even on the street they constantly ask the same questions over and over again, 'What are they doing? When are they coming? I hear the date is April 15; do you think that is true, monsieur?' One feels like answering, 'It is not for you to know the times or the seasons,' and appreciates that particular quotation as an answer to get out of a tight place without giving away one's own ignorance. It is against German orders to bring in the English newspapers, because it is said they needlessly excite the people with alleged successes of the Allies. Of course men smuggle in *The Times*, and are growing rich by selling it at 8s. a copy. One intelligent and otherwise rational Belgian said to me, 'Oh, you can't believe anything that this *Times* we get over here says, because the Germans are publishing a special edition. They leave in just enough news to be worthless, in order to give an aspect of plausibility to their scheme for making money.' He really believed that story and thought that the Germans had employed American printers to print edited copies of *The Times* as it appeared in England. This shows clearly the state of mind of the Belgian who is ready to believe anything that is an interesting story, and that is, at the same time, to the discredit of the Germans.

The Brussels 'tram' is typical of the whole situation. The German officers ride in the first-class compartments, and the privates in the

second. Of course, neither are required to pay their fares, for that would give the Belgian conductors a chance to show their authority at the expense of 'the military.' All automobiles and horses have been requisitioned, so the Belgian ladies have the choice of riding in the tram or walking, and for this reason a celebration took place when the sign 'Nicht Rauchen,' stamped by the Commandant, was added to those already in the trams printed in French and Flemish. All these things give an idea of the life in Brussels to-day. The signs of the military despotism are few, and there is no actual persecution or anything of that sort, but the life of a people never can be normal in a city occupied by a hostile army of invasion. The difficulty of communication, the absence of telephones, and even the suppressed excitement of the people affect very materially the work of the Commission. But the Belgians have done their part nobly to help their countrymen, and they have to work under the most difficult conditions, for the busiest and ablest men are naturally the most liable to suspicion. While the men work at the distribution of food and the management of the canteens, the Belgian women have organised a Department of the Comité National which concerns itself with procuring clothes for the destitute and giving sewing and other work to women in Brussels and elsewhere. I have gone into detail about the organisation at Brussels merely because it is the largest and most central, but practically every Belgian town, save some of those in the military zone in Flanders, is reached by the Commission, and there are some five thousand Belgians who devote all of their time to it.

The centre of the work for the destitute people in Brussels is the large storehouse of the Messagerie van Gand, which is now the main kitchen, where soup is made every morning for 150,000 people. The men in charge of the actual cooking are chefs from some of the leading hotels of Brussels, and most of them are volunteers. Fifteen thousand gallons of soup, and large quantities of potatoes and boiled meat, are cooked and sent out every day from this kitchen to the twenty-six subsidiary canteens. From three o'clock in the morning, when the cooking of the first 5,000 gallons of soup is started, the scene in the large circus-like storehouse of the Express Company is one of tremendous activity, with the moving figures of the hundred white-clad chefs, the fires ablaze under the scores of immense cauldrons—and all dimly seen through the shifting clouds of pungent steam arising from the boiling soup.

When the soup is cooked it is sent, under the seals of the

Commission and the protection of the American flag, in large lorries to the twenty-six canteens, which are established in every quarter of Brussels. From the hundreds of buildings that were offered for the purpose of this work by the owners, the Belgian Committee has selected twenty-six dance-halls, schools, municipal buildings, or other structure that was large enough and suitably situated.

Another interesting place in the life of Belgium is the Pôle Nord. This large building, which was formerly a music-hall and skating rink, has, under the direction of some of the most prominent women in Brussels, been turned into a national clothing store. The stage and stalls are now piled high with clothing, new and second-hand, for men, women, and children. The floor, once used for skating, is now the shipping department, where orders, which come not only from Brussels but from the most remote villages in the provinces, are filled and the parcels despatched by means of the two dozen immense motor lorries, bearing on their sides the sign 'Comité National de Secours et d'Alimentation,' and in parentheses 'Département des Vêtements.' Some of the supplies of clothing have been brought in from England and America, but for the most part they have been made in Brussels and elsewhere in the country, by labourers who are out of work and who are paid by the food tickets of the Commission. One of the most interesting parts of the Pôle Nord is the room where the skates were kept and which is now piled high with shoes and boots of all descriptions, from the wooden sabots to pink satin dancing-slippers that were some débutante's contribution to one of the Gift Ships from England or the United States. Lines of people waiting to be shod stand before the doors and receive boots for tickets issued by the Commission, and the women who fit the shoes and take the tickets are those same women who put on the skates in happier days.

The Commission has made use of the municipal organisation in the nine communes of Brussels for the distribution of food. The mayors and the town councilmen are all on the committee, and the workers of the Commission are given offices in each of the town halls. The communal authorities report to the Belgian Committee, which in turn reports to the Commission for Relief. The people, for the purposes of the Commission, are divided into two classes—those who pay nothing or very little, and the rich who are able to pay for bread as in normal times. The business of classification is left to the authorities in each commune. Both classes, the rich and the poor, receive the same ration of 325 grammes or $\frac{3}{4}$ lb. of bread a day.

The destitute people are given the necessary coupons by the commune after the cases have been investigated, and for each ticket so given the communal authorities pay to the Commission one half-penny a day. The authorities fix the price which those who are able to pay something, but not full price, must pay for their bread. Lastly, the rich people who can pay as in normal times are charged at the rate of fifteen shillings per cwt., which is about one penny less per ration than the present price of bread in London.

In order to supply the rich people with bread, the Commission has made use of the normal organisation furnished by the bakeries, but the bakeries are under the supervision of the Commission and allowed only sufficient flour to supply the regular customers. Through the Gendarmerie the Commission has taken a census of Brussels, and has a card index showing the number of persons in each household, their names, and the name of their baker. In this way they have been able to ascertain the amount of flour that each baker should receive, and, as an extra precaution, each purchaser of bread signs a receipt which the baker turns in to the Commission with his weekly report. This report is required before further supplies of flour will be given out, and so it is received regularly each Saturday.

When this system was inaugurated there were some bakers who quite naturally objected to the additional work and stricter supervision. Indeed, the Commission started an office which was soon called the 'Bureau for Belligerent Bakers,' but that has righted itself, and at the present time the system is working smoothly and with little friction. The great temptation was for the baker to sell at an exorbitant price to the Germans, for the soldier, seeing the white flour, naturally wanted a change from the green war bread of rye and potatoes and was willing to pay well for white bread.

One baker came to the 'Bureau' to suggest a scheme by which, given sufficient flour, he could greatly increase the Commission's capital. Of course it was quite impossible, but he suggested that he be allowed to bake a very expensive but still more delicious kind of bread for the exclusive use of the German soldiers. 'Why, Messieurs,' he said to the men in the 'Bureau,' 'a soldier came in my shop and asked for a kilo of bread the other day, and when I had finished talking to him I could have sold him anything.' It was shortly after the battle of the North Sea. The German came into the shop and in German demanded some white bread. In his

best French the baker replied that he had no bread for sale. 'But, you are a German now,' said the soldier, 'and must speak German.' 'Well,' said the baker, and this time he spoke German, 'if I *am* a German *we* certainly got badly licked yesterday, didn't we?'

All of this happened at Brussels, but Brussels, the civil capital, is very different from military fortresses like Liège, Namur, and Antwerp. In these towns sentries are doubled, people are not allowed on the streets after ten o'clock at night, and passports are often demanded even at high noon. The life of the town is the life of a military fortress, and for that reason there are more troops, trenches, and everything that makes up the atmosphere of war.

Namur, although a fortress, and I believe an important one in the German scheme of defence, is nevertheless the place where the German officers and the Americans of the Commission are on the most friendly terms. This is certainly due in large measure to the character of the officers. The Captain Adjutant to the Military Governor, and to all intents and purposes the man in active command of the Province, has been unusually active and helpful in the work of the Commission. His mother is an Englishwoman and he a former student of Christ Church, Oxford, so he naturally has a perfect command of English and many mutual interests to aid in his understanding of the Rhodes Scholars. It was his petition, as much as any one thing, that decided the authorities to carry Commission foodstuffs free on some of the Belgian railways.

An account of my first meeting with him will give some idea of the interest he takes in the work of the Commission as well as his personal character. Two Commission lighters were being held up by the ruins of a bridge that had been blown up between Liège and Namur, and I was sent from Brussels to find out what had been done to make the Meuse navigable in that place. Although the German engineers gave reports and appearance of great activity, nothing had been done when I arrived at Namur one afternoon about two months ago. When I saw the American representative, he said: 'I think nothing has been done, but we'll go and see the Captain.' 'We'll go and see the Captain' was, as I afterwards found, the panacea for all Commission ills in that particular province. The Captain had had no news of the work of the engineers, so we all went up the river three miles to the bridge and found that the Dutch captain of the Commission lighter would not proceed because he was afraid that the boat would be damaged by the ruins under water. The Captain took the matter into his own hands, and, after crawling

out on the part of the bridge that was still standing and taking soundings with his sword and a weight, decided to steer the boat through himself. He did so successfully and much to the admiration of all the men who had been there at work. Then he had a special train got together and ready to distribute the food throughout the province. Namur is the one place where the Commission is able to use the railroads regularly. All of this gives some idea of why it was when the Captain received the Iron Cross that there was as much rejoicing among the Americans as among the Belgians, who had prepared a petition to the German Emperor in order that the Captain might not be sent to the front.

However, there are degrees of German as of everything else. Namur was the place in Belgium where, in my experience, the Commission was given the most help, and the little frontier town of Putte was where we all had most trouble. Putte is not a very important place, it is true, but in these days one must pass through Putte in order to make use of the best and shortest road from Antwerp to Holland. The Commission's courier, who mentioned in a casual way his sixteen experiences in different military jails throughout Belgium, told me about the 'great reckoning' that had taken place at Putte. So much trouble was given him, and the letters delayed so often, that finally the Commission complained on his behalf to the military authorities at Brussels. The authorities were very much surprised and gave 'orders,' but still the arresting and the trouble continued. Finally one of the German officers decided to put on civilian's clothes and take a trip in the courier's car to see if there really was trouble, and if so, who was making it. He set out with an impressive pass signed by the Military Governor, and with no trouble passed the sentries at Malines, Antwerp, and the intermediate villages. Every time they passed a sentry—and the sentries occur about every mile along that road—he eyed the courier with increasing scorn and disapproval. Then the automobile reached Putte and the frontier post. As usual, there were several sentries on duty, and all of them eager to get their corporal's stripes with the least possible delay. One of them ran out in front of the car, waving a red flag and crying 'Halt!' Another put a bar across the road to enforce the order, while still another pushed his bayonet into the front of the chauffeur's overcoat, and everybody got out of the car to be searched. It was the usual process, but only by using the word 'German' can one give an idea of its thoroughness. The tool-box,

the spare tyres, the petrol tanks, the cushions, and everything else about the car received assiduous investigation. Then the soldiers turned their attention to the passengers, but the officer had seen enough to know what trouble meant and was willing to disclose his identity in order to accept the respect due to his position. His declaration that he was a German officer 'en civile' was greeted with derision, and when he drew his revolver he was very roughly handled and sent back to Antwerp under guard. There the Commandant, being a personal friend of his, released him, but the affair had gone far enough for the Commission to benefit by it. Another regiment of Bavarian Landsturm was brought from the trenches to rest in charge of the frontier, and things now move much more smoothly and rapidly when Commission cars approach.

The Commission has recently extended the sphere of its activity, and is now feeding the 2,500,000 people who were starving behind the German lines in Northern France. As the Germans have put all of this country, which is about one-eighth of the whole area of France, under the control of the German Governor of Belgium, and taken the strips of French territory into the organisation of the adjoining Belgian provinces, the Commission has been able to do the same thing by extending the work of the Provincial Committees of Namur, Hainault, and West Flanders. The Germans have been very helpful in organising this work in Northern France. They have given special trains for shipping the flour, and have supplied lists for making the distribution. But the climax was reached when eight cars loaded with Commission flour were attached to the troop train which was escorting the King of Bavaria on a tour behind the firing lines. The American who was in charge of the shipment of flour wrote an interesting report to the Commission on his experience while being escorted by Royalty. Eight cars had to be taken from Sedan to Charleville, as the people there were without bread. 'All right,' said a German major to the American, 'we'll get them there for you.' 'So,' says the American, 'I sat up on one of the box cars eating black potato bread and German sausage while the major greeted the King, and soldiers of all sorts stood around and bowed. Then the company of the 1st Regiment of Bavarian Guards was entrained and our eight cars were attached. The King's private car was attached to a separate engine and steamed on ahead until we reached Charleville, where we had to get German soldiers to guard the cars and keep the hungry people from running over them in their eagerness to get food. The German

soldiers had no difficulty in keeping order, and the people contented themselves with cheering every time one of the trucks went out of the station. The people in France are now supplied regularly with the same rations that are distributed to the Belgians, and the Commission will keep this work going as long as there is necessity for it.'

The gratitude of the Belgians to America is a very beautiful thing. On Washington's birthday, February 22, all Belgians wore American colours in honour of the day, and the American Legation at Brussels received more than 5,000 notes of appreciation from all classes of the civil population. The shop windows at Brussels were gay with American flags and pictures of George Washington, President Wilson, and Minister Brand Whitlock. Many of the schools gave the children a holiday as if it had been a national feast. In some places there were processions in the streets and such banners as 'Merci aux Américains,' and 'Hurrah les États Unis.' At Liège, on the Sunday before the celebration, there was a good deal of excitement, because some of the German soldiers, seeing Belgians wearing red, white, and blue colours, snatched them away, thinking that they were worn in honour of France. When the authorities learned the truth, a written apology was sent to the American Consul, and the German officers the next day wore the American colours by way of reparation.

On February 22 I met one little Belgian standing in the street at the Porte de Namur at Brussels. He had on a sailor suit, and across his cap was written 'U.S.N. *Texas*.' He wore Belgian ribbons and was waving a large American flag, so I went up and asked him why. And he said very rapidly, as if he were reciting a lesson, 'Oh, the great American soldier had a hatchet and cut down a tree, but he wouldn't lie about it, so we are all wearing American colours on his birthday to ask him to come and help Belgium.'

FRANK HOYT GAILOR.

'K.'¹

BY MARY ROBERTS RINEHART.

CHAPTER IV.

LUST OF BATTLE.

ON the morning after Sidney had invited K. Le Moyne to take her a walk, Max Wilson came down to breakfast rather late. Dr. Ed had breakfasted an hour before, and had already attended, with much profanity on the part of the patient, to a boil on the back of Mr. Rosenfeld's neck.

'Better change your laundry,' cheerfully advised Dr. Ed, cutting a strip of adhesive plaster. 'Your neck's irritated from your white collars.'

Rosenfeld eyed him suspiciously, but, possessing a sense of humour also, he grinned.

'It ain't my every-day things that bother me,' he replied. 'It's my blankety-blank dress suit. But if a man wants to be tony——'

'Tony' was not of the Street, but of its environs. Harriet was 'tony' because she walked with her elbows in and her head up. Dr. Max was 'tony' because he breakfasted late, and had a man come once a week and take away his clothes to be pressed. He was 'tony,' too, because he had brought back from Europe narrow-shouldered English-cut clothes, when the Street was still padding its shoulders. Even K. would have been classed with these others, for the stick that he carried on his walks, for the fact that his shabby grey coat was as unmistakably foreign in cut as Dr. Max's, had the neighbourhood so much as known him by sight. But K., so far, had remained in humble obscurity, and, outside of Mrs. McKee's, was known only as the Pages' lodger.

Mr. Rosenfeld buttoned up the blue flannel shirt which, with a pair of Dr. Ed's cast-off trousers, was his only wear, and fished in his pocket.

'How much, Doc.?'

'Two dollars,' said Dr. Ed briskly.

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'Holy cats! For one jab of a knife! My old woman works a day and a half for two dollars.'

'I guess it's worth two dollars to you to be able to sleep on your back.' He was imperturbably straightening his small glass table. He knew Rosenfeld. 'If you don't like my price, I'll lend you the knife the next time, and you can let your wife attend to you.'

Rosenfeld drew out a silver dollar, and followed it reluctantly with a limp and dejected dollar bill:

'There are times,' he said, 'when, if you'd put me and the missus and a knife in the same room, you wouldn't have much left but the knife.'

Dr. Ed waited until he had made his stiff-necked exit. Then he took the two dollars, and, putting the money into an envelope, endorsed it in his illegible hand. He heard his brother's step on the stairs, and Dr. Ed made haste to put away the last vestiges of his little operation.

Ed's lapses from surgical cleanliness were a sore trial to the younger man, fresh from the clinics of Europe. In his down-town office, to which he would presently make his leisurely progress, he wore a white coat, and sterilised things of which Dr. Ed did not even know the names.

So, as he came down the stairs, Dr. Ed, who had wiped his tiny knife with a bit of cotton—he hated sterilising it; it spoiled the edge—thrust it hastily into his pocket. He had cut boils without boiling anything for a good many years, and no trouble. But he was wise with the wisdom of the serpent and the general practitioner, and there was no use raising a discussion.

Max's morning mood was always a cheerful one. Now and then the way of the transgressor is disgustingly pleasant. Max, who sat up until all hours of the night, drinking beer or whisky-and-soda, and playing bridge, wakened to a clean tongue and a tendency to have a cigarette between shoes, so to speak. Ed, whose wildest dissipation had perhaps been to bring into the world one of the neighbourhood's babies, wakened customarily to the dark hour of his day, when he dubbed himself failure and loathed the Street with a deadly loathing.

So now Max brought his handsome self down the staircase and paused at the office door.

'At it already?' he said. 'Or have you been to bed?'

'It's after nine,' protested Ed mildly. 'If I don't start early, I never get through.'

Max yawned.

'Better come with me,' he said. 'If things go on as they've been doing, I'll have to have an assistant. I'd rather have you than anybody, of course.' He put his lithe surgeon's hand on his brother's shoulder. 'Where would I be if it hadn't been for you? All the fellows know what you've done.'

In spite of himself, Ed winced. It was one thing to work hard that there might be one success instead of two half successes. It was a different thing to advertise one's mediocrity to the world. His sphere of the Street and the neighbourhood was his own. To give it all up and become his younger brother's assistant—even if it meant, as it would, better hours and more money—would be to submerge his identity. He could not bring himself to it.

'I guess I'll stay where I am,' he said. 'They know me around here, and I know them. By the way, will you leave this envelope at Mrs. McKee's? Maggie Rosenfeld is ironing there to-day. It's for her.'

Max took the envelope absently.

'You'll go on here to the end of your days, working for a pittance,' he objected. 'Inside of ten years there'll be no general practitioners; then where will you be?'

'I'll manage somehow,' said his brother placidly. 'I guess there will always be a few that can pay my prices better than what you specialists ask.'

Max laughed with genuine amusement.

'I dare say, if this is the way you let them pay your prices.'

He held out the envelope, and the older man coloured.

Very proud of Dr. Max was his brother, unselfishly proud, of his skill, of his handsome person, of his easy good manners; very humble, too, over his own knowledge and experience. If he ever suspected any lack of finer fibre in Max, he put the thought away. Probably he was too rigid himself. Max was young, a hard worker. He had a right to play hard.

Dr. Ed prepared his black bag for the day's calls—stethoscope, thermometer, eye-cup, bandages, case of small vials, a lump of absorbent cotton in a not over-fresh towel: in the bottom, a heterogeneous collection of instruments, a roll of adhesive plaster, a bottle or two of sugar-of-milk tablets for the children, a dog

collar that had belonged to a dead collie, and had got in the bag in some curious fashion and there remained.

He prepared the bag a little nervously, while Max ate. He felt that modern methods and the best usage might not have approved of the bag. On his way out he paused at the dining-room door.

'Are you going to the hospital?'

'Operating at four—wish you could come in.'

'I'm afraid not, Max. I've promised Sidney Page to speak about her to you. She wants to enter the training school.'

'Too young,' said Max briefly. 'Why, she can't be over sixteen.'

'She's eighteen.'

'Well, even eighteen. Do you think any girl of that age is responsible enough to have life and death put in her hands? Besides, although I haven't noticed her lately, she used to be a pretty little thing. There is no use filling up the wards with a lot of ornaments; it keeps the house-surgeons all stewed up.'

'Since when,' asked Dr. Ed mildly, 'have you found good looks in a girl a handicap?'

In the end they compromised. Max would see Sidney at his office. It would be better than having her run across the Street—would put things on the right footing. For, if he did have her admitted, she would have to learn at once that he was no longer 'Dr. Max'; that, as a matter of fact, he was now staff, and entitled to much dignity, to speech without contradiction or argument, to clean towels, and a deferential house-surgeon at his elbow.

Having given his promise, Max promptly forgot about it. The Street did not interest him. Christine and Sidney had been children when he went to Vienna, and since his return he had hardly noticed them. Society, always kind to single men of good appearance and easy good manners, had taken him up. He wore dinner or evening clothes five nights out of seven, and was supposed by his conservative old neighbours to be going the pace. The rumour had been fed by Mrs. Rosenfeld, who, starting out for her day's washing at six o'clock one morning, had found Dr. Max's car, lamps lighted and engine going, drawn up before the house door, with its owner asleep at the wheel. The story travelled the length of the Street that day.

'Him,' said Mrs. Rosenfeld, who was occasionally flowery, 'sittin' up as straight as this washboard, and his silk hat shinin'

in the sun; but, exceptin' the car, which was workin' hard and gettin' nowhere, the whole outfit in the arms of Morpheus.'

Mrs. Lorenz, whose day it was to have Mrs. Rosenfeld, and who was unfamiliar with mythology, gasped at the last word.

'Mercy!' she said. 'Do you mean to say he's got that awful drug habit!'

Down the clean steps went Dr. Max that morning, a big man, almost as tall as K. Le Moyne, eager of life, strong and a bit reckless, not fine, perhaps, but not evil. He had the same zest of living as Sidney, but with this difference—the girl stood ready to give herself to life: he knew that life would come to him. All-dominating male was Dr. Max, that morning, as he drew on his gloves before stepping into his car. It was after nine o'clock. K. Le Moyne had been an hour at his desk. The McKee napkins lay ironed in orderly piles.

Nevertheless, Dr. Max was suffering under a sense of defeat as he rode down town. The night before, he had proposed to a girl and had been rejected. He was not in love with the girl—she would have been a suitable wife, and a surgeon ought to be married; it gives people confidence,—but his pride was hurt. He recalled the exact words of the rejection.

'You're too good-looking, Max,' she had said, 'and that's the truth. Now that operations are as popular as fancy dancing, and much less bother, half the women I know are crazy about their surgeons. I'm too fond of my peace of mind.'

'But, good heavens! haven't you any confidence in me?' he had demanded.

'None whatever, Max dear.' She had looked at him with level, understanding eyes.

He put the disagreeable recollection out of his mind as he parked his car and made his way to his office. Here would be people who believed in him, from the middle-aged nurse in her prim uniform to the row of patients sitting stiffly around the walls of the waiting-room. Dr. Max, pausing in the hall outside the door of his private office, drew a long breath. This was the real thing—work and plenty of it, a chance to show the other men what he could do, a battle to win! No humanitarian was he, but a fighter: each day he came to his office with the same battle lust.

The office nurse had her back to him. When she turned, he

faced an agreeable surprise. Instead of Miss Simpson, he faced a young and attractive girl, faintly familiar.

'We tried to get you by telephone,' she explained. 'I am from the hospital. Miss Simpson's father died this morning, and she knew you would have to have someone. I was just starting for my vacation, so they sent me.'

'Rather a poor substitute for a vacation,' he commented.

She was a very pretty girl. He had seen her before in the hospital, but he had never really noticed how attractive she was. Rather stunning she was, he thought. The combination of yellow hair and dark eyes was unusual. He remembered, just in time, to express regret at Miss Simpson's bereavement.

'I am Miss Harrison,' explained the substitute, and held out his long white coat. The ceremony, purely perfunctory with Miss Simpson on duty, proved interesting—Miss Harrison, in spite of her high heels, being small and the young surgeon tall. When he was finally in the coat, she was rather flushed and palpitating.

'But I *knew* your name, of course,' lied Dr Max. 'And—I'm sorry about the vacation.'

After that came work. Miss Harrison was nimble and alert, but the surgeon worked quickly and with few words, was impatient when she could not find the things he called for, even broke into restrained profanity now and then. She went a little pale over her mistakes, but preserved her dignity and her wits. Now and then he found her dark eyes fixed on him, with something inscrutable but pleasing in their depths. The situation was rather piquant. Consciously he was thinking only of what he was doing. Sub-consciously his busy ego was finding solace after last night's rebuff.

Once, during the cleaning up between cases, he dropped to a personality. He was drying his hands, while she placed freshly sterilised instruments on a glass table.

'You are almost a foreign type, Miss Harrison. Last year, in a London ballet, I saw a blonde Spanish girl who looked like you.'

'My mother was a Spaniard.' She did not look up.

Where Miss Simpson was in the habit of clumping through the morning in flat, heavy shoes, Miss Harrison's small heels beat a busy tattoo on the tiled floor. With the rustling of her starched dress, the sound was essentially feminine, almost insistent. When he had time to notice it, it amused him that he did not find it annoying.

Once, as she passed him a bistoury, he deliberately placed

his fine hand over her fingers and smiled into her eyes. It was play for him ; it lightened the day's work.

Sidney was in the waiting-room. There had been no tedium in the morning's waiting. Like all imaginative people, she had the gift of dramatising herself. She was seeing herself in white from head to foot, like this efficient young woman who came now and then to the waiting-room door ; she was healing the sick and closing tired eyes ; she was even imagining herself proposed to by an aged widower with grown children and quantities of money, one of her patients.

She sat very demurely in the waiting-room with a magazine in her lap, and told her aged patient that she admired and respected him, but that she had given herself to the suffering poor.

'Everything in the world that you want,' begged the elderly gentleman. 'You should see the world, child, and I will see it again through your eyes. To Paris first for clothes and the opera, and then——'

'But I do not love you,' Sidney replied, mentally but steadily. 'In all the world I love only one man. He is——'

She hesitated here. It certainly was not Joe, or K. Le Moyne of the gas office. It seemed to her suddenly very sad that there was no one she loved. So many people went into hospitals because they had been disappointed in love.

'Dr. Wilson will see you now.'

She followed Miss Harrison into the consulting-room. Dr. Max—not the gloved and hatted Dr. Max of the Street, but a new person, one she had never known—stood in his white office, tall, dark-eyed, dark-haired, competent, holding out his long, immaculate surgeon's hand and smiling down at her.

Men, like jewels, require a setting. A clerk on a high stool, poring over a ledger, is not unimpressive, or a cook over her stove. But place the cook on the stool, poring over the ledger ! Dr. Max, who had lived all his life on the edge of Sidney's horizon, now, by the simple changing of her point of view, loomed large and magnificent. Perhaps he knew it. Certainly he stood very erect. Certainly, too, there was considerable manner in the way in which he asked Miss Harrison to go out and close the door behind her.

Sidney's heart, considering what was happening to it, behaved very well.

'For goodness' sake, Sidney,' said Dr. Max, 'here you are a young lady and I've never noticed it !'

This, of course, was not what he had intended to say, being staff and all that. But Sidney, visibly palpitant, was very pretty, much prettier than the Harrison girl, beating a tattoo with her heels in the next room.

Dr. Max, belonging to the class of man who settles his tie every time he sees an attractive woman, thrust his hands into the pockets of his long white coat and surveyed her quizzically.

'Did Dr. Ed tell you?'

'Sit down. He said something about the hospital. How's your mother and Aunt Harriet?'

'Very well—that is, mother's never quite well.' She was sitting forward on her chair, her wide young eyes on him. 'Is that—is your nurse from the hospital here?'

'Yes. But she's not my nurse. She's a substitute.'

'The uniform is so pretty.' Poor Sidney! with all the things she had meant to say about a life of service, and that, although she was young, she was terribly in earnest.

'It takes a lot of plugging before one gets the uniform. Look here, Sidney; if you are going to the hospital because of the uniform, and with any idea of soothing fevered brows and all that nonsense——'

She interrupted him, deeply flushed. Indeed, no. She wanted to work. She was young and strong, and surely a pair of willing hands—that was absurd about the uniform. She had no silly ideas. There was so much to do in the world, and she wanted to help. Some people could give money, but she couldn't. She could only offer service. And, partly through earnestness and partly through excitement, she ended in a sort of nervous sob, and, going to the window, stood with her back to him.

He followed her, and, because they were old neighbours, she did not resent it when he put his hand on her shoulder.

'I don't know—of course, if you feel like that about it,' he said, 'we'll see what can be done. It's hard work, and a good many times it seems futile. They die, you know, in spite of all we can do. And there are many things that are worse than death——'

His voice trailed off. When he had started out in his profession, he had had some such ideal of service as this girl beside him. For just a moment, as he stood there close to her, he saw things again with the eyes of his young faith: to relieve pain, to straighten the crooked, to hurt that he might heal—not to show

the other men what he could do—that had been his early creed. He sighed a little as he turned away.

'I'll speak to the superintendent about you,' he said. 'Perhaps you'd like me to show you around a little.'

'When? To-day?'

He had meant in a month, or a year. It was quite a minute before he replied:

'Yes, to-day, if you say. I'm operating at four. How about three o'clock?'

She held out both hands, and he took them, smiling.

'You are the kindest person I ever met.'

'And—perhaps you'd better not say you are applying until we find out if there is a vacancy.'

'May I tell one person?'

'Mother?'

'No. We—we have a lodger now. He is very much interested. I should like to tell him.'

He dropped her hands and looked at her in mock severity.

'Much interested! Is he in love with you?'

'Mercy, no!'

'I don't believe it. I'm jealous. You know, I've always been more than half in love with you myself!'

Play for him—the same victorious instinct that had made him touch Miss Harrison's fingers as she gave him the instrument. And Sidney knew how it was meant; she smiled into his eyes and drew down her veil briskly.

'Then we'll say at three,' she said calmly, and took an orderly and unfurried departure.

But the little seed of tenderness had taken root. Sidney, passing in the last week or two from girlhood to womanhood—outgrowing Joe, had she only known it, as she had outgrown the Street—had come that day into her first contact with a man of the world. True, there was K. Le Moyne. But K. was now of the Street, of that small world of one dimension that she was leaving behind her.

She sent him a note at noon, with word to Tillie at Mrs. McKee's to put it under his plate:

'DEAR MR. LE MOYNE,—I am so excited I can hardly write. Dr. Wilson, the surgeon, is going to take me through the hospital this afternoon. Wish me luck. SIDNEY PAGE'

K. read it, and, perhaps because the day was hot and his butter soft and the other 'mealers' irritable with the heat, he ate little or no luncheon. Before he went out into the sun, he read the note again. Before his jealous eyes rose a vision of that excursion to the hospital. Sidney, all vibrant eagerness, luminous of eye, quick of bosom; and Wilson, sardonically smiling, amused and interested in spite of himself. He drew a long breath, and thrust the note in his pocket.

The little house across the way sat square in the sun. The shades of his windows had been lowered against the heat. K. Le Moyne made an impulsive movement towards it, and checked himself.

As he went down the Street, Wilson's car came around the corner. Le Moyne moved quietly into the shadow of the church and watched the car go by.

CHAPTER V.

A WRONG MOVE.

Sidney and K. Le Moyne sat under a tree and talked. In Sidney's lap lay a small pasteboard box, punched with many holes. It was the day of releasing Reginald, but she had not yet been able to bring herself to the point of separation. Now and then a furry nose protruded from one of the apertures and sniffed the welcome scent of pine and buttonball, red and white clover, the thousand spicy odours of field and woodland.

'And so,' said K. Le Moyne, 'you liked it all? It didn't startle you?'

'Well, in one way, of course—you see, I didn't know it was quite like that: all order and peace and quiet, and white beds and whispers, on top—you know what I mean—and the misery there just the same. Have you ever gone through a hospital?'

K. Le Moyne was stretched out on the grass, his arms under his head. For this excursion to the end of the street-car line he had donned a pair of white flannel trousers and a belted Norfolk coat. Sidney had been divided between pride in his appearance and fear that the Street would deem him overdressed.

At her question he closed his eyes, shutting out the peaceful arch and the bit of blue heaven overhead. He did not reply at once.

Good gracious, I believe he's asleep!' said Sidney to the pasteboard box. But he opened his eyes and smiled at her.

'I've been around hospitals a little. I suppose now there is no question about your going?'

'The superintendent said I was young, but that any *protégée* of Dr. Wilson's would certainly be given a chance.'

'It is hard work, night and day.'

'Do you think I am afraid of work?'

'And—Joe?'

Sidney coloured vigorously and sat erect.

'He is very silly. He's taken all sorts of idiotic notions in his head.'

'Such as——'

'Well, he *hates* the hospital, of course. As if, even if I meant to marry him, it wouldn't be years before he can be ready.'

'Do you think you are quite fair to Joe?'

'I haven't promised to marry him.'

'But he thinks you mean to. If you have quite made up your mind not to, better tell him, don't you think? What—what are these idiotic notions?'

Sidney considered, poking a slim finger into the little holes in the box.

'You can see how stupid he is, and—and young. For one thing, he's jealous of you!'

'I see. Of course that is silly, although your attitude towards his suspicion is hardly flattering to me!'

He smiled up at her.

'I told him that I had asked you to bring me here to-day. He was furious. And that wasn't all.'

'No?'

'He said I was flirting desperately with Dr. Wilson. You see, the day we went through the hospital, it was hot, and we went to Henderson's for soda-water. And, of course, Joe was there. It was really dramatic.'

K. Le Moyne was daily gaining the ability to see things from the angle of the Street. A month ago he could have seen no situation in two people, a man and a girl, drinking soda-water together, even with a boy lover on the next stool. Now he could view things through Joe's tragic eyes. And there was more than that. All day he had noticed how inevitably the conversation turned to the young surgeon. Did they start with Reginald, with the condition

of the morning-glory vines, with the proposition of taking up the quaint paving-stones and macadamising the street, they ended with the younger Wilson.

Sidney's active young brain, turned inward for the first time in her life, was still on herself.

'Mother is plaintively resigned—and Aunt Harriet has been a trump. She's going to keep her room. It's really up to you.'

'To me?'

'To your staying on. Mother trusts you absolutely. I hope you noticed that you got one of the apostle spoons with the custard she sent up to you the other night. And she didn't object to this trip to-day. Of course, as she said herself, it isn't as if you were young, or at all wild.'

In spite of himself, K. was rather startled. He felt old enough, God knew, but he had always thought of it as an age of the spirit. How old did this child think he was?

'I have promised to stay on, in the capacity of watch-dog, burglar alarm, and occasional recipient of an apostle spoon in a dish of custard. Lightning conductor, too—your mother says she isn't afraid of storms if there is a man in the house. I'll stay, of course.'

The thought of his age weighed on him. He rose to his feet and threw back his fine shoulders.

'Aunt Harriet and your mother and Christine and her husband-to-be, whatever his name is—we'll be a happy family. But, I warn you, if I ever hear of Christine's husband getting an apostle spoon—'

She smiled up at him. 'You are looking very grand to-day. But you have grass stains on your white trousers. Perhaps Katie can take them out.'

Quite suddenly K. felt that she thought him too old for such frivolity of dress. It put him on his mettle.

'How old do you think I am, Miss Sidney?'

She considered, giving him, after her kindly way, the benefit of the doubt.

'Not over forty, I'm sure.'

'I'm almost thirty. It is middle age, of course, but—it is not senility.'

She was genuinely surprised, almost disturbed.

'Perhaps we'd better not tell mother,' she said. 'You don't mind being thought older?'

'Not at all.'

Clearly the subject of his years did not interest her vitally, for she harked back to the grass stains.

'I'm afraid you're not saving, as you promised. Those are new clothes, aren't they?'

'No, indeed. Bought years ago in England—the coat in London, the trousers in Bath, on a motor tour. Cost something like twelve shillings. Awfully cheap. They wear them for cricket.'

That was a wrong move, of course. Sidney must hear about England; and she marvelled politely, in view of his poverty, about his being there. Poor Le Moyne floundered in a sea of mendacity, rose to a truth here and there, clutched at luncheon, and achieved safety at last.

'To think,' said Sidney, 'that you have really been across the ocean! I never knew but one person who had been abroad. It is Dr. Max Wilson.'

Back again to Dr. Max! Le Moyne, unpacking sandwiches from a basket, was aroused by a sheer resentment to indiscretion.

'You like this Wilson chap pretty well, don't you?'

'What do you mean?'

'You talk about him rather a lot.'

This was sheer recklessness, of course. He expected fury, annihilation. He did not look up, but busied himself with the luncheon. When the silence grew oppressive, he ventured to glance towards her. She was leaning forward, her chin cupped in her palms, staring out over the valley that stretched at their feet.

'Don't speak to me for a minute or two,' she said. 'I'm thinking over what you have just said.'

Manlike, having raised the issue, K. would have given much to evade it. Not that he had owned himself in love with Sidney. Love was not for him. But into his loneliness and despair the girl had come like a ray of light. She typified that youth and hope that he had felt slipping away from him. Through her clear eyes he was beginning to see a new world. Lose her he must, and that he knew; but not this way.

Down through the valley ran a shallow river, making noisy

pretensions to both depth and fury. He remembered just such a river in the Tyrol, with this same Wilson on a rock, holding the hand of a pretty Austrian girl, while he snapped the shutter of a camera. He had that picture somewhere now; but the girl was dead, and, of the three, Wilson was the only one who had met life and vanquished it.

'I've known him all my life,' Sidney said at last. 'You're perfectly right about one thing: I talk about him and I think about him. I'm being candid, because what's the use of being friends if we're not frank? I admire him—you'd have to see him in the hospital, with everyone deferring to him and all that, to understand. And when you think of a man like that, who holds life and death in his hands, of course you rather thrill. I—I honestly believe that's all there is to it.'

'If that's the whole thing, that's hardly a mad passion.' He tried to smile; succeeded faintly.

'Well, of course, there's this, too. I know he'll never look at me. I'll be one of forty nurses; indeed, for three months I'll be only a probationer. He'll probably never even remember I'm in the hospital at all.'

'I see. Then, if you thought he was in love with you, things would be different?'

'If I thought Dr. Max Wilson was in love with me,' said Sidney solemnly, 'I'd go out of my head with joy.'

One of the new qualities that K. Le Moynes was cultivating was that of living each day for itself. Having no past and no future, each day was worth exactly what it brought. He was to look back to this day with mingled feelings: sheer gladness at being out in the open with Sidney; the memory of the shock with which he realised that she was, unknown to herself, already in the throes of a romantic attachment for Wilson; and, long, long after, when he had gone down to the depths with her and saved her by his steady hand, with something of mirth for the untoward happening that closed the day.

Sidney fell into the river.

They had released Reginald, released him with the tribute of a shame-faced tear on Sidney's part and a handful of chestnuts from K. The little squirrel had squeaked his gladness, and, tail erect, had darted into the grass.

'Ungrateful little beast!' said Sidney, and dried her eyes. 'Do you suppose he'll ever think of the nuts again, or find them?'

'He'll be all right,' K. replied. 'The little beggar can take care of himself, if only——'

'If only what?'

'If only he isn't too friendly. He's apt to crawl into the pockets of anyone who happens around.'

She was alarmed at that. To make up for his indiscretion, K. suggested a descent to the river. She accepted eagerly, and he helped her down. That was another memory that outlasted the day—her small, warm hand in his; the time she slipped and he caught her; the pain in her eyes at one of his thoughtless remarks.

'I'm going to be pretty lonely,' he said, when she had paused in the descent and was taking a stone out of her low shoe. 'Reginald gone, and you going! I shall hate to come home at night.' And then, seeing her wince: 'I've been whining all day. For heaven's sake, don't look like that. If there's one sort of man I detest more than another, it's a man who is sorry for himself. Do you suppose your mother would object if we stayed out here at the hotel for supper? I've ordered a moon, orange-yellow and extra size.'

'I should hate to have anything ordered and wasted.'

'Then we'll stay.'

'It's fearfully extravagant.'

'I'll be thrifty as to moons while you are in the hospital.'

So it was settled. And, as it happened, Sidney had to stay, anyhow. For, having perched herself out in the river on a sugar-loaf rock, she slid, slowly but with a dreadful inevitability, into the water. K. happened to be looking in another direction. So it occurred that at one moment Sidney sat on a rock, fluffy white from head to feet, entrancingly pretty, and knowing it, and the next she was standing neck-deep in water, much too startled to scream, and trying to be dignified under the rather trying circumstances. K. had not looked round. The splash had been a gentle one.

'If you will be good enough,' said Sidney, with her chin well up, 'to give me your hand or a pole or something—because if the river rises an inch I shall drown.'

To his undying credit, K. Le Moyne did not laugh when he turned and saw her. He went out on the sugar-loaf rock, and lifted her bodily up its slippery sides. He had prodigious strength, in spite of his leanness.

'Well!' said Sidney, when they were both on the rock, carefully balanced.

'Are you cold?'

'Not a bit. But horribly unhappy. I must look a sight.' Then, remembering her manners, as the Street had it, she said primly:

'Thank you for saving me.'

'There wasn't any danger, really, unless—unless the river had risen.'

And then, suddenly, he burst into delighted laughter, the first, perhaps, for months. He shook with it, struggled at the sight of her injured face to restrain it, achieved finally a degree of sobriety by fixing his eyes on the river-bank.

'When you have quite finished,' said Sidney severely, 'perhaps you will take me to the hotel. I dare say I shall have to be washed and ironed.'

He drew her cautiously to her feet. Her wet skirts clung to her; her shoes were sodden and heavy. She clung to him frantically, her eyes on the river below. With the touch of her hands the man's mirth died. He held her very very carefully, very tenderly, as one holds something infinitely precious.

CHAPTER VI.

THE APPOINTMENT.

THE same day Dr. Max operated at the hospital. It was a Wilson day, the young surgeon having six cases. One of the innovations Dr. Max had made was to change the hour for major operations from early morning to mid-afternoon. He could do as well later in the day,—his nerves were steady and uncounted numbers of cigarettes did not make his hand shake,—and he hated to get up early.

The staff had fallen into the way of attending Wilson's operations. His technique was good; but technique alone never gets a surgeon anywhere. Wilson was getting results. Even the most jealous of that most jealous of professions, surgery, had to admit that he got results.

Operations were over for the afternoon. The last case had been wheeled out of the elevator. The pit of the operating-room was in disorder—towels everywhere, tables of instruments, steaming sterilisers. Orderlies were going about, carrying out linens, emptying

pans. At a table two nurses were cleaning instruments and putting them away in their glass cases. Irrigators were being emptied, sponges recounted and checked off on written lists.

In the midst of the confusion, Wilson stood giving last orders to the house-surgeon at his elbow. As he talked he scoured his hands and arms with a small brush; bits of lather flew off on to the tiled floor. His speech was incisive, vigorous. At the hospital they said his nerves were iron; there was no let-down after the day's work. The house-surgeons worshipped and feared him. He was just, but without mercy. To be able to work like that, so certainly, with so sure a touch, and to look like a Greek god! Wilson's only rival, a gynæcologist named O'Hara, got results, too; but he sweated and swore through his operations, was not too careful as to asepsis, and looked like a gorilla.

The day had been a hard one. The operating-room nurses were fagged. Two or three probationers had been sent to help clean up, and a senior nurse. Wilson's eyes caught the nurse's eyes as she passed him.

'Here too, Miss Harrison!' he said gaily. 'Have they set you on my trail?'

With the eyes of the room on her, the girl answered primly:

'I'm to be in your office in the mornings, Dr. Wilson, and anywhere I am needed in the afternoons.'

'And your vacation?'

'I shall take it when Miss Simpson comes back.'

Although he went on at once with his conversation with the house-surgeon, he still heard the click of her heels about the room. He had not lost the fact that she had flushed when he spoke to her. The mischief that was latent in him came to the surface. When he had rinsed his hands, he followed her, carrying the towel to where she stood talking to the superintendent of the training school.

'Thanks very much, Miss Gregg,' he said. 'Everything went off nicely.'

'I was sorry about that catgut. We have no trouble with what we prepare ourselves. But with so many operations——'

He was in a magnanimous mood. He smiled at Miss Gregg, who was elderly and grey, but visibly his creature.

'That's all right. It's the first time, and of course it will be the last.'

'The sponge list, Doctor.'

He glanced over it, noting accurately sponges prepared, used, turned in. But he missed no gesture of the girl who stood beside Miss Gregg.

'All right.' He returned the list. 'That was a mighty pretty probationer I brought you yesterday.'

Two small frowning lines appeared between Miss Harrison's dark brows. He caught them, caught her sombre eyes too, and was amused and rather stimulated.

'She is very young.'

'Prefer 'em young,' said Dr. Max. 'Willing to learn at that age. You'll have to watch her, though. You'll have all the house-surgeons buzzing round, neglecting business.'

Miss Gregg rather fluttered. She was divided between her disapproval of house-surgeons at all times and of young probationers generally, and her allegiance to the brilliant surgeon whose word was rapidly becoming law in the hospital. When an emergency of the cleaning up called her away, doubt still in her eyes, Wilson was left alone with Miss Harrison.

'Tired?' He adopted the gentle, almost tender tone that made most women his slaves.

'A little. It is warm.'

'What are you going to do this evening? Any lectures?'

'Lectures are over for the summer. I shall go to prayers, and after that to the roof for air.'

There was a note of bitterness in her voice. Under the eyes of the other nurses, she was carefully contained. They might have been outlining the morning's work at his office.

'The hand lotion, please.'

She brought it obediently and poured it into his cupped hands. The solutions of the operating-room played havoc with the skin: the surgeons, and especially Wilson, soaked their hands plentifully with a healing lotion.

Over the bottle their eyes met again, and this time the girl smiled faintly.

'Can't you take a little ride to-night and cool off? I'll have the car wherever you say. A ride and some supper—how does it sound? You could get away at seven—'

'Miss Gregg is coming!'

With an impassive face, the girl took the bottle away. The workers of the operating-room surged between them. A house-surgeon presented an order-book; moppers had come in and waited

to clean the tiled floor. There seemed no chance for Wilson to speak to Miss Harrison again.

But he was clever with the guile of the pursuing male. Eyes of all on him, he turned at the door of the wardrobe-room, where he would exchange his white garments for street clothing, and spoke to her over the heads of a dozen nurses.

'That patient's address that I had forgotten, Miss Harrison, is the corner of the Park and Ellington Avenue.'

'Thank you.'

She played the game well, was quite calm. He admired her coolness. Certainly she was pretty, and certainly, too, she was interested in him. The hurt to his pride of a few nights before was healed. He went whistling into the wardrobe-room. As he turned he caught the house-surgeon's eye, and there passed between them a glance of complete comprehension. The house-surgeon grinned.

The room was not empty. His brother was there, listening to the comments of O'Hara, his friendly rival.

'Good work, boy!' said O'Hara, and clapped a hairy hand on his shoulder. 'That last case was a wonder. I'm proud of you, and your brother here is indecently exalted. It was the Edwardes method, wasn't it? I saw it done at his clinic in New York.'

'Glad you liked it. Yes. Edwardes was a pal of mine in Berlin. A great surgeon, too, poor old chap!'

'There aren't three men in the country with the nerve and the hand for it.'

O'Hara went out, glowing with his own magnanimity. Deep in his heart was a gnawing of envy—not for himself but for his work. These young fellows with no family ties, who could run over to Europe and bring back anything new that was worth while, they had it all over the older men. Not that he would have changed things. God forbid!

Dr. Ed stood by and waited while his brother got into his street clothes. He was rather silent. There were many times when he wished that their mother could have lived to see how he had carried out his promise to 'make a man of Max.' This was one of them. Not that he took any credit for Max's brilliant career—but he would have liked her to know that things were going well. He had a picture of her over his office desk. Sometimes he wondered what she would think of his own untidy methods compared with Max's extravagant order—of the bag, for instance, with the dog's collar

in it, and other things. On these occasions he always determined to clear out the bag.

'I guess I'll be getting along,' he said. 'Will you be home to dinner?'

'I think not. I'll—I'm going to run out of town, and eat where it's cool.'

The Street was notoriously hot in summer. When Dr. Max was newly home from Europe, and Dr. Ed was selling a painfully acquired bond or two to furnish the new offices down town, the brothers had occasionally gone together, by way of the trolley, to the White Springs Hotel for supper. Those had been gala days for the older man. To hear names that he had read with awe, and mispronounced, most of his life, roll off Max's tongue—'Old Steinmetz' and 'that ass of a Heydenreich'; to hear the medical and surgical gossip of the Continent, new drugs, new technique, the small heartburnings of the clinics, student scandal—had brought into his drab days a touch of colour. But that was over now. Max had new friends, new social obligations; his time was taken up. And pride would not allow the older brother to show how he missed the early days.

Forty-two he was, and, what with sleepless nights and twenty years of hurried food, he looked fifty. Fifty, then, to Max's thirty.

'There's a roast of beef. It's a pity to cook a roast for one.'

Wasteful, too, this cooking of food for two and only one to eat it. A roast of beef meant a visit, in Dr. Ed's modest-paying clientèle. He still paid the expenses of the house on the Street.

'Sorry, old man; I've made another arrangement.'

They left the hospital together. Everywhere the younger man received the homage of success. The elevator-man bowed and flung the doors open, with a smile; the pharmacy clerk, the doorkeeper, even the convalescent patient who was polishing the great brass door-plate, tendered their tribute. Dr. Ed looked neither to right nor left.

At the machine they separated. But Dr. Ed stood for a moment with his hand on the car.

'I was thinking, up there this afternoon,' he said slowly, 'that I'm not sure I want Sidney Page to become a nurse.'

'Why?'

'There's a good deal in life that a girl need not know—not, at least, until her husband tells her. Sidney's been guarded, and it's bound to be a shock.'

'It's her own choice.'

'Exactly. A child reaches out for the fire.'

The motor had started. For the moment at least, the younger Wilson had no interest in Sidney Page.

'She'll manage all right. Plenty of other girls have taken the training and come through without spoiling their zest for life.'

Already, as the car moved off, his mind was on his appointment for the evening.

Sidney, after her involuntary bath in the river, had gone into temporary eclipse at the White Springs Hotel. In the oven of the kitchen stove sat her two small white shoes, stuffed with paper so that they might dry in shape. Back in a detached laundry, a sympathetic maid was ironing various soft white garments, and singing as she worked.

Sidney sat in a rocking-chair in a hot bedroom. She was carefully swathed in a sheet from neck to toes, except for her arms, and she was being as philosophic as possible. After all, it was a good chance to think things over. She had very little time to think, generally.

She meant to give up Joe Drummond. She didn't want to hurt him. Well, there was that to think over, and a matter of probation dresses to be talked over later with her Aunt Harriet. Also, there was a great deal of advice to K. Le Moyne, who was ridiculously extravagant, before trusting the house to him. She folded her white arms and prepared to think over all these things. As a matter of fact, she went mentally, like an arrow to its mark, to the younger Wilson—to his straight figure in its white coat, to his dark eyes and heavy hair, to the cleft in his chin when he smiled.

'You know, I have always been more than half in love with you myself.'

Someone tapped lightly at the door. She was back again in the stuffy hotel room, clutching the sheet about her.

'Yes?'

'It's Le Moyne. Are you all right?'

'Perfectly. How stupid it must be for you!'

'I'm doing very well. The maid will soon be ready. What shall I order for supper?'

'Anything. I'm starving.'

Whatever visions K. Le Moyne may have had of a chill or of a feverish cold were dispelled by that.

'The moon has arrived, as per specifications. Shall we eat on the terrace?'

'I have never eaten on a terrace in my life. I'd love it.'

'I think your shoes have shrunk.'

'Flatterer!' She laughed. 'Go away and order supper. And I can see fresh lettuce. Shall we have a salad?'

K. Le Moyne assured her through the door that he would order a salad, and prepared to descend.

But he stood for a moment in front of the closed door, for the mere sound of her moving, beyond it. Things had gone very far with the Pages' lodger that day in the country; not so far as they were to go, but far enough to let him see on the brink of what misery he stood.

He could not go away. He had promised her to stay: he was needed. He thought he could have endured seeing her marry Joe, had she cared for the boy. That way, at least, lay safety for her. The boy had fidelity and devotion written large over him. But this new complication—her romantic interest in Wilson, the surgeon's reciprocal interest in her, with what he knew of the man—made him quail.

From the top of the narrow staircase to the foot, and he had lived a year's torment! At the foot, however, he was startled out of his reverie. Joe Drummond stood there waiting for him, his blue eyes recklessly alight.

'You—you dog!' said Joe.

There were people in the hotel parlour. Le Moyne took the frenzied boy by the elbow and led him past the door to the empty porch.

'Now,' he said, 'if you will keep your voice down, I'll listen to what you have to say.'

'You know what I've got to say.'

This failing to draw from K. Le Moyne anything but his steady glance, Joe jerked his arm free and clenched his fist.

'What did you bring her out here for?'

'I do not know that I owe you any explanation, but I am willing to give you one. I brought her out here for a tram ride and a picnic luncheon. Incidentally we brought the ground squirrel out and set him free.'

He was sorry for the boy. Life not having been all beer and skittles to him, he knew that Joe was suffering, and was marvellously patient with him.

'Where is she now?'

'She had the misfortune to fall in the river. She is upstairs.' And, seeing the light of unbelief in Joe's eyes: 'If you care to make a tour of investigation, you will find that I am entirely truthful. In the laundry a maid——'

'She is engaged to me'—doggedly. 'Everybody in the neighbourhood knows it, and yet you bring her out here for a picnic! It's—it's damned rotten treatment.'

His fist had unclenched. Before K. Le Moynes eyes his own fell. He felt suddenly young and futile; his just rage turned to blustering in his ears.

'Now, be honest with yourself. Is there really an engagement?'

'Yes,' doggedly.

'Even in that case, isn't it rather arrogant to say that—that the young lady in question can accept no ordinary friendly attentions from another man?'

Utter astonishment left Joe almost speechless. The Street, of course, regarded an engagement as a setting aside of the affianced couple, an isolation of two, than which marriage itself was not more a solitude *à deux*. After a moment:

'I don't know where you came from,' he said, 'but around here decent men cut out when a girl's engaged.'

'I see!'

'What's more, what do we know about you? Who are you, anyhow? I've looked you up. Even at your office they don't know anything. You may be all right, but how do I know it? And, even if you are, renting a room in the Page house doesn't entitle you to interfere with the family. You get her into trouble and I'll kill you!'

It took courage, that speech, with K. Le Moynes towering five inches above him and growing a little white about the lips.

'Are you going to say all these things to Sidney?'

'Does she allow you to call her Sidney?'

'Are you?'

'I am. And I am going to find out why you were upstairs just now.'

Perhaps never in his twenty-two years had young Drummond been so near a thrashing. Fury that he was ashamed of shook Le Moynes. For very fear of himself, he thrust his hands in the pockets of his Norfolk coat.

'Very well,' he said. 'You go to her with just one of these ugly insinuations, and I'll take mighty good care that you are sorry for it. I don't care to threaten. You're younger than I am, and lighter. But if you are going to behave like a bad child you deserve a licking, and I'll give it to you.'

An overflow from the parlour poured out on the porch. Le Moyne had got himself in hand somewhat. He was still angry, but the look in Joe's eyes startled him. He put a hand on the boy's shoulder.

'You're wrong, old man,' he said. 'You're insulting the girl you care for by the things you are thinking. And, if it's any comfort to you, I have no intention of interfering in any way. You can count me out. It's between you and her.'

Joe picked his straw hat from a chair and stood turning it in his hands.

'Even if you don't care for her, how do I know she isn't crazy about you?'

'My word of honour, she isn't.'

'She sends you notes to McKee's.'

'Just to clear the air, I'll show it to you. It's no breach of confidence. It's about the hospital.'

Into the breast pocket of his coat he dived and brought up a wallet. The wallet had had a name on it in gilt letters that had been carefully scraped off. But Joe did not wait to see the note.

'Oh, damn the hospital!' he said—and went swiftly down the steps and into the gathering twilight of the June night.

It was only when he reached the street car, and sat huddled in a corner, that he remembered something.

Only about the hospital—but Le Moyne had kept the note, treasured it! Joe was not subtle, not even clever; but he was a lover, and he knew the ways of love. The Pages' lodger was in love with Sidney, whether he knew it or not.

(To be continued.)

LORD BRAMPTON AND HIS CRITICS.

A COMMENT BY SIR HERBERT STEPHEN, BART.

MOST of the readers of the April CORNHILL must have read with surprise and regret the violent attack made by Sir Edward Clarke in his article 'The Penge Mystery' upon the character, as a man and as a judge, of the late Lord Brampton, better known for many years as Sir Henry Hawkins. In my judgment the statements constituting that attack are erroneous and unjustifiable; and the attack itself will do more injury to its author than to its object. It consists substantially of the following passages:

'But indeed Sir Henry Hawkins was the worst judge I ever knew or heard of. He had no notion whatever of what justice meant, or of the obligations of truth and fairness.'

'The evident bias of the judge and his persistent unfairness, . . .'

' . . . only a wicked judge would have sent out a jury at nearly ten o'clock at night . . .'

'Then he puts the finishing touch to the iniquity of his own behaviour . . .'

'The misconduct of the judge . . .'

'Sir Henry Hawkins continued his career of public disservice.'

Sir Edward's own account of the Penge case affords no kind of excuse for either the substance, or the vituperative style, of his charges against the judge. I assume his summary of the evidence to be accurate and sufficient, and I have no reason to think it otherwise. It is perfectly clear that there was cogent evidence of gross neglect of Harriet Staunton by the prisoners in whose control she undoubtedly was. Whether she suffered from meningitis or not, there was cogent evidence that her death was at least hastened by that neglect. There was also evidence, eminently fit to be considered by the jury, that the prisoners were likely, though not all of them in the same degree, to have desired Harriet Staunton's death. If by their negligence they hastened her death with the intention that she should die, they were guilty of murder.

From the judge's summing-up, which lasted all day, Sir Edward quotes a single passage, less than a quarter of the length of the 'peroration' of his own speech, which he quotes in full. There is nothing in the least unfair about it: it is a suggestion as to part of the evidence which anybody might have made. But, says Sir

Edward, the judge did not warn the jury of the untrustworthiness of the witness whose evidence he here discusses. It is quite possible that he did not, because the Attorney-General, in opening the case for the prosecution, had dwelt upon that topic with such exceptional emphasis and lucidity that it probably never occurred to any one that the jury were likely to forget it. Some counsel always want the judge to repeat all their arguments, and forget that he often assumes the jury to be sensible men who have heard the more obvious aspects of the case commented upon by both sides, and may be trusted to have a general recollection of those comments. Few of the counsel practising in my time have stood less in need than Sir Edward Clarke of this kind of judicial assistance, but he may have considered himself entitled to it. If he did, the fact that he did not get it supplies no foundation whatever for the theory of Sir Henry Hawkins's wickedness.

I wish to oppose to the opinion of Sir Edward Clarke—an opinion for which he specifies no grounds approaching to sufficiency—that which I formed upon somewhat extensive personal observation, and published for a different purpose. I contributed the article on Sir Henry Hawkins to the 'Dictionary of National Biography' (Supp. II.), and I extract from it some of the sentences in which I gave my estimate of his judicial merits and demerits. I omit, for the sake of brevity, one or two sentences from which I do not think Sir Edward Clarke would differ.

'Hawkins was an admirable criminal judge. Extremely patient and thorough, he took care that both the case for the Crown and that for the accused person should be exhaustively stated and tested to the utmost. . . . He had a strong hatred of cruelty and of any serious and deliberate outrages against either person or property, and in the gravest cases he did not shrink from deserved severity. On the other hand the period of his judgeship practically covered the great change in the direction of leniency to criminals. In this movement Hawkins was one of the more progressive authorities. . . .

'As a criminal judge Hawkins had very few equals during twenty-two years. As a civil judge he failed to convey the impression that to do justice between the parties was his single aim. Innumerable stories were told—some of them with substantial foundation—of the ingenious devices whereby he contrived that the case before him either should be referred by consent to arbitration or should not be tried out to a clear determination on the merits. These devices, usually extremely adroit, could hardly be described as otherwise than mischievous.

Readers of the CORNHILL can choose between Sir Edward Clarke's opinion and mine. Whether they agree with him or with me—or with neither of us—I shall continue to deplore the fact that a barrister of Sir Edward's deservedly high reputation should have assailed, with such indiscriminate virulence, the character of a kindly man, and distinguished judge, whose retirement from the bench seventeen years ago deprived the topic of any but historical interest.

HERBERT STEPHEN.

SIR EDWARD CLARKE'S REJOINDER.

The courtesy of the Editor of the CORNHILL MAGAZINE gives me the opportunity of answering at once the criticism of Sir Herbert Stephen upon my article on 'The Penge Mystery,' which was published in the April number.

Sir Herbert Stephen says that the statements in that article are erroneous, and that for the opinion which I there express, as to the judicial character of Sir Henry Hawkins, I specify no ground approaching to sufficiency.

As to the statements of fact it will be noted that Sir Herbert does not dispute any one of them. Nor does he quote any passage from the evidence or from the summing up which would displace or qualify the inference I draw from the passages which I set out to show the justification for the strong opinion which I expressed as to the conduct of the presiding judge.

I am quite content that the question whether that opinion is justified by the facts stated should be judged by those who carefully peruse the article. They will have the satisfaction of knowing that the evidence in the case is fairly set out. Sir Herbert Stephen says, 'I assume the summary of the evidence to be accurate and sufficient, and I have no reason to think it otherwise.' If they wish to test the matter further they can refer to the excellent report of the case which is given in 'The Trial of the Stauntons,' edited by the late Mr. J. B. Atlay. In the appendix to that volume they will find an admirable example of what a summing up to the jury should be when a grave charge against several prisoners is being tried. It is the charge to the grand jury in this very case, which was delivered at Maidstone on July 18, 1877, by Sir James Fitzjames Stephen, the great jurist, who was then sitting as a

Commissioner, and was afterwards for twelve years one of the chief ornaments of the English judicial bench. His duty was a less responsible one than that of the judge at the trial, for the jury he was addressing were only called upon to say upon what charge, if at all, the prisoners should be arraigned ; but he was very careful to distinguish between their cases, and especially to point out how little evidence there was against Alice Rhodes.

The fact that Sir Henry Hawkins had before him this excellent example of the way in which his duty ought to be discharged is that which makes his conduct absolutely inexcusable.

Sir Herbert Stephen says that there was cogent evidence of gross neglect of Harriet Staunton by the prisoners, and of her death being hastened by that neglect, and that there was evidence for the consideration of the jury that 'they were likely, though not all of them in the same degree, to have desired Harriet Staunton's death.'

I agree with this in substance, though the last phrase is rather loose. I said in my article : 'With any judge and any jury the conviction of three of the prisoners for manslaughter, if not for the graver crime of murder, was quite inevitable, and the special duty of the Judge was to take care that the case against Alice Rhodes was separately considered, and that the medical evidence, upon which the doubt arose whether the graver crime had been in fact committed, should be carefully examined. Neither of these duties was discharged ; they were not even attempted.' This last sentence was a statement of fact which Sir Herbert Stephen makes no attempt to controvert and which the full report of the summing up puts absolutely beyond dispute.

There is one passage in Sir Herbert Stephen's criticism which I confess surprises me. It is the passage in which he deals with my complaint that the judge did not warn the jury of the untrustworthiness of the evidence of Clara Brown. He says : 'It is quite possible that he did not, because the Attorney-General, in opening the case for the prosecution, had dwelt upon that topic with such exceptional emphasis and lucidity that it probably never occurred to anyone that the jury were likely to forget it.' This is a very curious view of judicial duty. The witness was an accomplice in the crime, and admitted to having sworn falsely before the coroner, and her alleged recollection of the wording of a letter which she had found and destroyed was the most deadly evidence of Louis Staunton's intent to murder his wife. And Sir Herbert Stephen argues that the judge was excused for not giving the jury any

caution with regard to that evidence, because the Attorney-General, opening the case for the prosecution a week before, had himself warned them not to accept it without corroboration.

Surely if such a warning is needed it ought always to be given with the authority of the bench, and at the time when the jury are feeling the responsibility of the decision they will soon be called upon to make.

My estimate of Sir Henry Hawkins was not based entirely on the circumstances of the Staunton case. I practised with him or before him for many years, and had very good opportunity of knowing his character. There were many cases—I think the Salisbury Baby case was the most remarkable—in which he did gross injustice. That was a civil action, and when we come to deal with civil cases, it does not seem that Sir Herbert Stephen's opinion of him differs so very widely from mine.

Sir Herbert quotes, quite fairly, a few sentences from his biography of Sir Henry Hawkins in the 'Dictionary of National Biography.' If he had not done so, I think I should have quoted one of those sentences myself: 'As a civil judge he failed to convey the impression that to do justice between the parties was his single aim.' A judge is appointed to administer the laws and to do justice between man and man. If by 'adroit and mischievous devices' he defeats the object of his appointment he is to my thinking a wicked judge.

I will close this rejoinder by a few words on the first sentence and the last sentence of Sir Herbert Stephen's criticism.

He begins by saying that most of the readers of the CORNHILL MAGAZINE must have read my article with surprise and regret.

It may be so, but I think he is mistaken.

Since the article was published I have had many letters about it, some from members of the Bar, and some from those who have been concerned in litigation. All but two of those letters have endorsed my opinion of Sir Henry Hawkins, and several have thanked me for expressing it. Of the two exceptions one was anonymous, and the other was from a woman who signed her name but gave no address.

He ends by saying that this topic has only 'historical interest.' I would remind him that the highest historical interest is truth.

EDWARD CLARKE.

